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Vol. CLXXXIII No. 2396 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DECEMBER 22 1945

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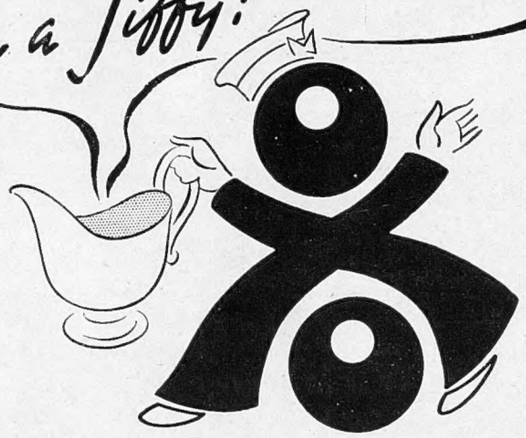

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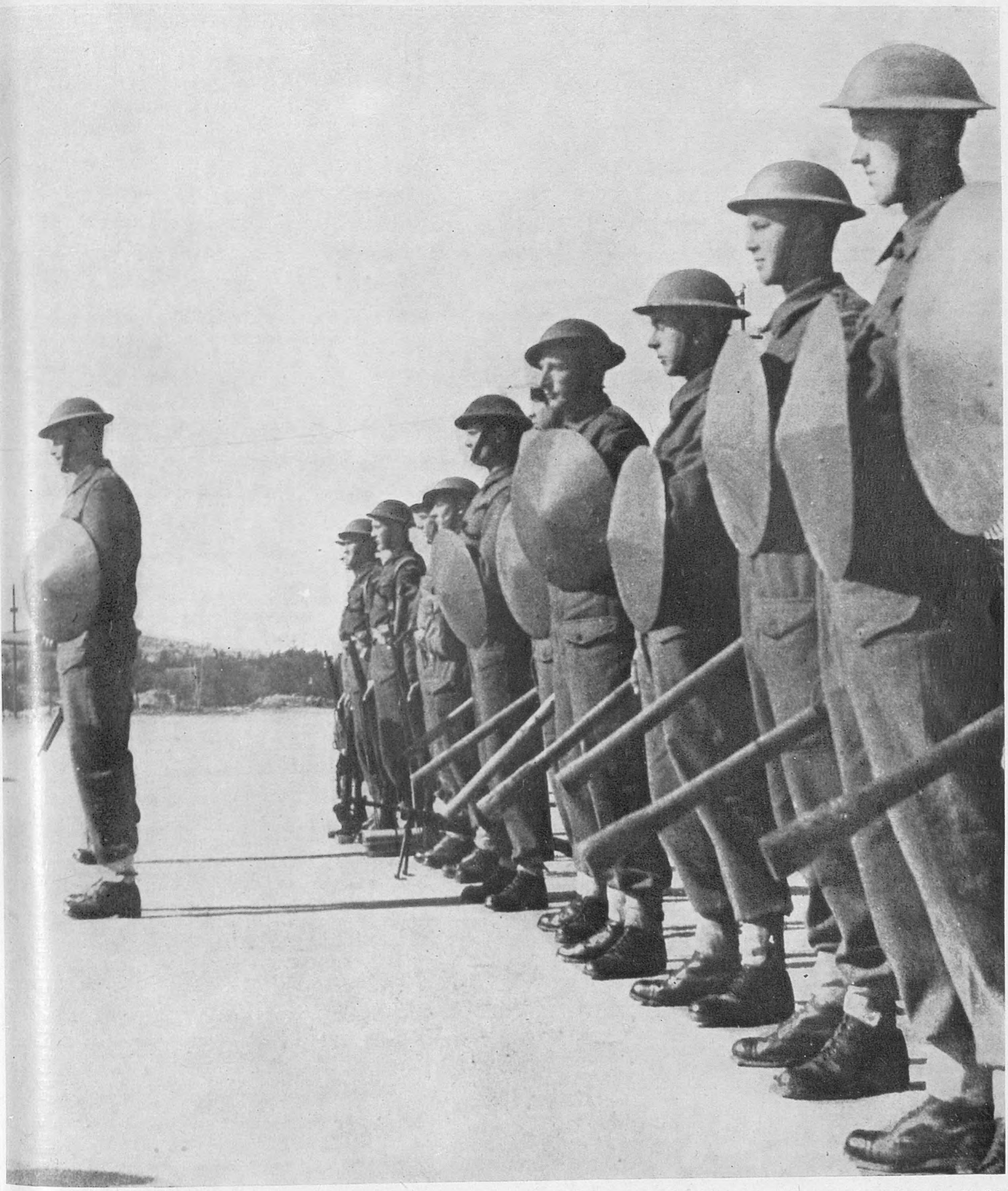

BATONS AND SHIELDS AS WEAPONS FOR THE BRITISH POLICE IN PALESTINE: A Mobile Picket parades in readiness for action against the rioters in the Holy Land. These men form the "spearhead" of the attack during disorders

In order to deal with the continual outbreaks of rioting in Palestine, the British authorities have instituted a system of Mobile Police Pickets. These stand-by day and night all over the country, at instant readiness to quell the disorders. The men comprising the pickets are British constables: they wear Army battledress and are armed with rifles, Bren guns, 2-in. mortars, tommy guns—and batons and shields. The party armed with the batons and shields advance first against the rioting mobs; but they are supported in the rear by the fire-power of the rest of the unit, who make use of their more lethal weapons only if absolutely necessary. This picture was taken at an emergency turn-out at Mount Scopus. The fall-in must be complete within two minutes of the alarm being sounded

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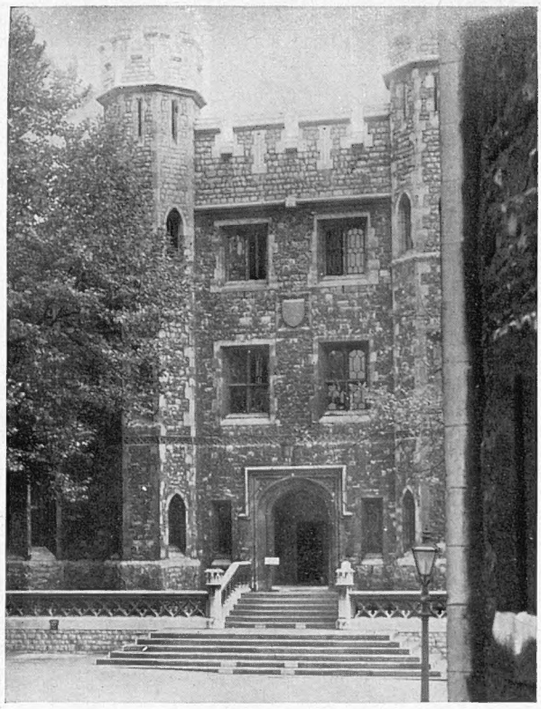
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Christmas 1945.—A happy Christmas—if you can call it a Happy Christmas (to borrow the tag of my esteemed contemporary of the *Sunday Express*)! But before considering the possibilities of happiness, we should first examine the label, "The first peacetime Christmas." It has a curious, suspicious ring about it. Is it peace? I see no sign of peace anywhere. At home or abroad. In industry, in Parliament, in buses, or in foreign relations. Are our armies employed peacefully in the Far East and the Near East? And is the present fog still left by the explosion of the first atomic bombs, the radiant, clear light of Peace and Goodwill? Is it "peace-time" in the shops, the larders, the children's stockings? You might call it, without unreasonable petulance, the seventh war Christmas—with knobs on. You might cry out your bitterness to the cold stars: "For ever and for ever men will echo the empty hope, the unattainable longing, 'Peace on Earth, goodwill toward men.'" Perhaps some old-fashioned children will foregather in your street or in your drive and sing their old song o' sixpence: "The night is past and the dawn at last Is coming with orient light." They sang it in some such words, and with infinitely more hope and sincerity, in the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages. They almost believed in its possibility in the Victorian Age. But we in our lifetime have dealt faithfully with those hopes and put them where they belong—on the midden of human aspirations. The children will get their sixpence and run away giggling, and we shall return to our quarrels and growls and mutual suspicion with the dawn of a New Year, so exactly like the last; infinite labour, anxiety, disillusion. Is that the ticket? Is that for ever to be the return ticket to "business as usual" after the Christmas break? I would not end, I will not end, on a note so near despair. At least we may be sure that, given average luck, there will be a Christmas truce. No bomb need be expected to fall on any western home during Christmas 1945. For the rest, for the future, it is still as of old up to you and me. Happiness and peace are still to-day ours for the having, but only if we co-operate and persevere. If we listen to the lessons of Christmas and practise in some sort the precepts of the Child whose birth we commemorate, that change of heart in us could still act as a pebble thrown on a pond.

A Heavy Price for a Breathing-Space.—The criticisms which Mr. Boothby raised upon the American Loan Agreement were no doubt "easy stuff." It was not difficult to find stings and flings and corrosive phrases with which to point the fears and measure the humiliation of those who see in the hard-bargained agreement "terms imposed on a conquered nation," "an economic Munich," and so forth. Without venturing into the abstruse regions of the Gold Standard and all that that implies, you and I and ordinary folk generally may well feel sore that *this* is our reward for standing alone to save civilisation and stripping ourselves bare in the process. And we may vaguely approve the facile epigram that the Government has sold the Empire for an extra packet of cigarettes. It is easy to say and easy to applaud. The fact remains that the breathing-space had to be bought, for it was not possible to get it free, or get it cheaper. And it is no consolation to believe that, if the terms will be of no ultimate service to Britain, they will bring the United States down in ruin with ourselves, as a reading of history very clearly suggests. Civilisation depends for its survival on the rehabilitation of world trade; it cannot afford to let any nation be submerged, for every nation is the prop of its neighbour. Well, there it is. Our representatives fought hard for us; none of us questioned the necessity of making the purchase without delay and at almost any reasonable price. We are ourselves pretty familiar with the anomaly that always when you want to sell, the market is glutted, and when you must buy, the market is bare and the price prohibitive. We must now make good use of the breathing-space we have bought at so heavy a price.



TWO HISTORIC BUILDINGS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON WITH PARTICULAR WARTIME ASSOCIATIONS: *On left*—The Officers' Mess of the White Tower, where Norman Baillie-Stewart was detained in 1933 while awaiting trial for an offence under the Official Secrets Act. After serving a sentence of five years' penal servitude, he went to Germany, where his activities have now resulted in a charge of High Treason being laid against him. ***On right*—**The King's House, where it is now confirmed that Rudolf Hess was imprisoned after he had landed by parachute in May 1941. He occupied a room on the first floor

A Vital Conference.—Few broadcasts I have listened to have struck me as more important and clearly stated than Sir Arthur Salter's talk on the Moscow Conference and the atom bomb. If he is right in his assessment, this meeting of the second strings of the Big Three may in its result spell hope or despair for civilisation; may open or close tighter the doorway to peace, sanity and a new security for mankind. And so, the characters of the three protagonists are important factors. In one sense, these second strings are stronger characters, blunter and franker and more forceful men than their present chiefs. Their reactions, one on another, are likely to produce more sparks than might be the case if the meeting were of the principals. Sir Arthur believes that M. Molotov and M. Stalin have experienced in the past few weeks a hopeful moderation of what looked like intransigence. The West has held out an olive branch, opened a door, which can hardly fail to invite all supporters of peace and sanity, if not of brotherhood and mutual forbearance, to grasp or enter. The United Nations, before they knew what they were about, had travelled at speed far along the Gadarene road, and suddenly saw where they were heading, and were brought up short. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum?*—Let us outlaw so hideous a belief. A hundred million men and women of common clay are petitioning a dozen leaders of to-day, on their knees, to turn back to the cross-roads and to start again along the right road with restraint and humility and right judgment.

Nazi Cavalcade.—Years ago, when the world was younger, and jollier and I was a beginner in journalism, I remember to have written an article on "Romance and the Cinema." The movie and the recording-box were then both of them beginners also, clumsy amateurs, as I was. But I saw their possibilities and declared in my article that the Cinema might prove the destroyer of Romance. I chose Prince Charles Edward as the prototype of the romantic hero, and argued that, if the cine-camera had been in use during the '45 (and '46), there would probably have been little romance shed by the passage of time to invest Prince Charlie, in his quarrels and sulks with his followers, Sheridan, Elcho and George Murray. I did *not* foresee the possibilities of these magic boxes as a fearful instrument of punishment of warmongers. And what a punishment must have been those films shown at Nuremberg to Goering and Co. in the dock, stripped of their power and glory, a cavalcade of their days of splendid triumph, laughing in their sleeves at poor old bemused Chamberlain; dancing breakdowns over the corpses of enslaved and betrayed nations; glorying in the success of their crimes and plots! . . . Golly! What a punishment. And yet—such is the nature of the beast—one gathers that Goering and Co. got a last kick out of it. They had a quick return-ticket to glory, a last visit, a final taste of greatness. Hudson Lowe, I fancy, would have permitted Napoleon to enjoy film-shows on St. Helena. But—as an expert in torture—would he have chosen a film of Austerlitz or of the passage of the Beresina? Which of these two would have tortured Boney the most? Upon my soul, I am not sure.

Crime Wave.—The post-war "crime wave" might well have been foreseen and prepared for by a Government less preoccupied with winning the war and preparing for demobilisation and reconstruction. One assumes that the Home Office has permanent officials who advise the Government of obvious dangers ahead in its own sphere, and quite certainly it might have been foreseen that recruitment to C.I.D. and Police Force, and many another anti-crime precaution should have had first priority with the end of the war in Europe. If any officials of Home Office or Scotland Yard read history, study records or visit the gloomy, dingy crimes museum at "the Yard," the present wave of crime was clearly to be seen rolling towards the shore. The two names Brown and Kennedy would have been warning enough. Those two murderers of the 1919 post-war era told the whole story of what total war can do, and always does do, to unseat human reason, to make weak or bad men totally reckless, totally callous, and even ruthless. Human life ceases to be sacred; cheap at the price of a banknote. Nothing can stand in the way of their desires for quick profits and handsome dividends. Ordinary morality and common standards of decency have been rocked and overturned. Petty larceny, and grand, is common everywhere. The railways, the P.O., the hotels, all tell the same rueful tale. *Nothing* is safe. And the rural magistrate has long since seen the same revolt against honesty, decency and even humanity in the village, and among young persons of both sexes. To prepare well in advance for the inevitable crime-wave was a glaring and burning duty, with precedence over any form of reconstruction. For what use to build new barns on rotted, rat-infested, lousy and crooked foundations? To-day we are (what we have seldom been called in our history) a dishonest, pilfering race—it is proved every day by clear evidence. We compete with the pre-Mussolini Italy—and that is not a pleasant reflection.

"The Cost of Living."—I like sometimes to conjure up pictures of the Government wizards who prepare the figures of statistical tables which dispel our fears of inflation and pooh-pooh our vulgar notion that the rise in the cost of living is higher than 100 per cent. over 1913. My picture of the Chief Wizard is of a man with a black skin, a black heart and a forked tail, Satan's most apt and clever apprentice, the black-eyed boy of the Father of Lies: 100 per cent. over 1913! I should like to take this wizard by his forked tail and, after twisting it, drag him round London, and compel him to pay for my keep at a London hotel for one night with two meals, and then on to a haberdasher to buy a shirt and a vest or two. It would cost him his reputation, if any, and about £9, assuming he could get the accommodation and the goods. The accommodation would be very comfortable, even luxurious, with plenty of eggs and sugar and meat, unknown to private establishments; but the haberdashery would be shameful at the price of 3s. 6d. a garment on 1913 standards. In the year of disgrace 1945 two words head the list in the *index expurgatorius—propaganda* and *statistics*. Both spell the short, ugly word: LIES, all lies, from the Father of Lies. But Ministers of State rely on them. THE OLD STAGER

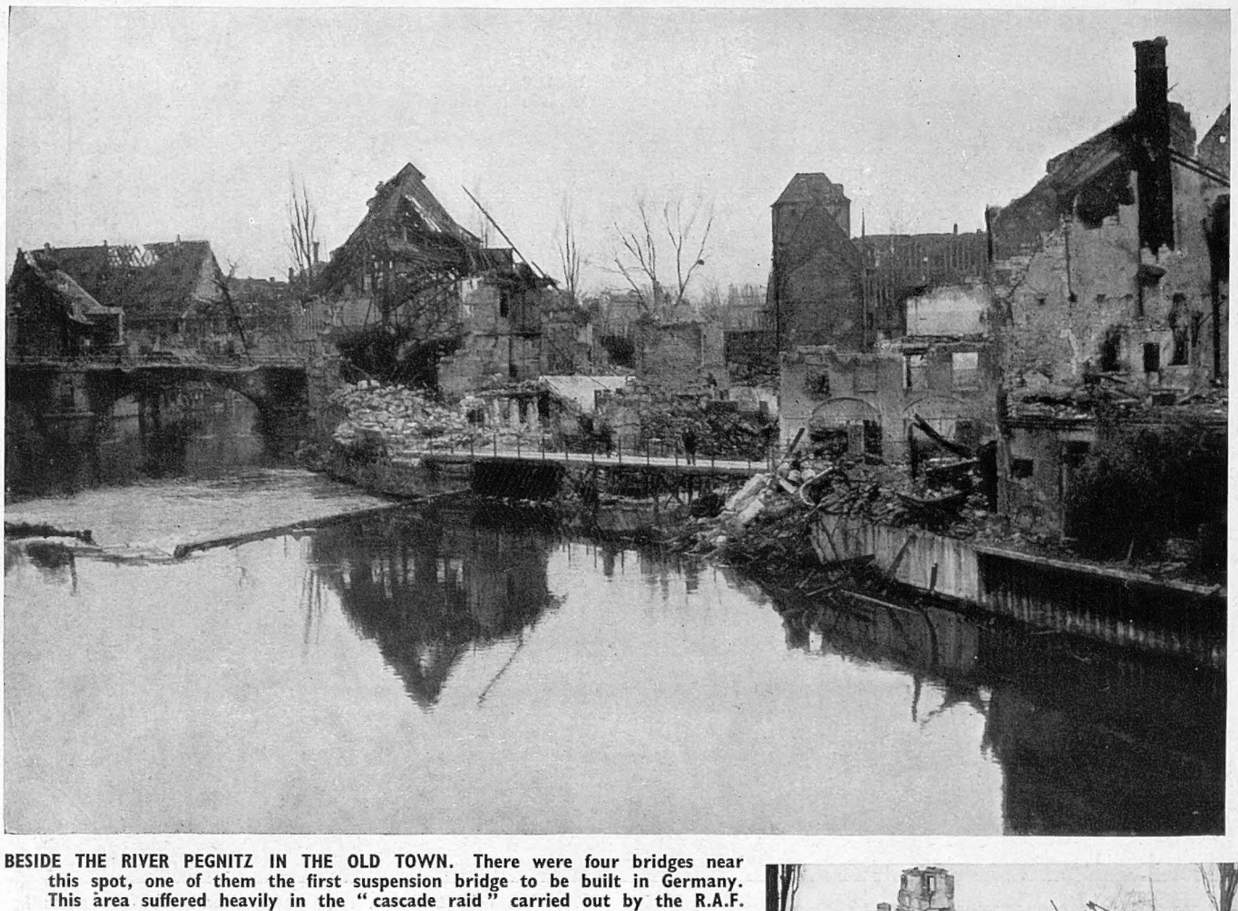
FOLLOWING THE RECENT DISTURBANCES IN BATAVIA, road barriers and Bren-gun posts have been set up in the city: These Indian troops are under the command of Major-General D. C. Hawthorn. They are manning a post where all traffic is stopped and checked

On left—A CAR IS STOPPED AT A BARBED-WIRE BARRIER and its occupants checked, following the recent disturbances in the city of Batavia

Below—A ROAD-BLOCK ERECTED OUTSIDE THE INDONESIAN "FOREIGN OFFICE": Every precautionary measure is being taken by the British troops to put down the disturbances by the Indonesians. One of them is to check the movements of all passengers by car and to search the passing vehicles for concealed arms

FROM THE CAPITAL OF JAVA

Scenes in the City of Batavia



BESIDE THE RIVER PEGNITZ IN THE OLD TOWN. There were four bridges near this spot, one of them the first suspension bridge to be built in Germany. This area suffered heavily in the "cascade raid" carried out by the R.A.F. on the night of January 2, 1945, when the city was bombed for a period of twenty minutes

NUREMBERG, CITY OF DESOLATION

What Twenty Minutes of Bombardment Did to the Nazi Stronghold

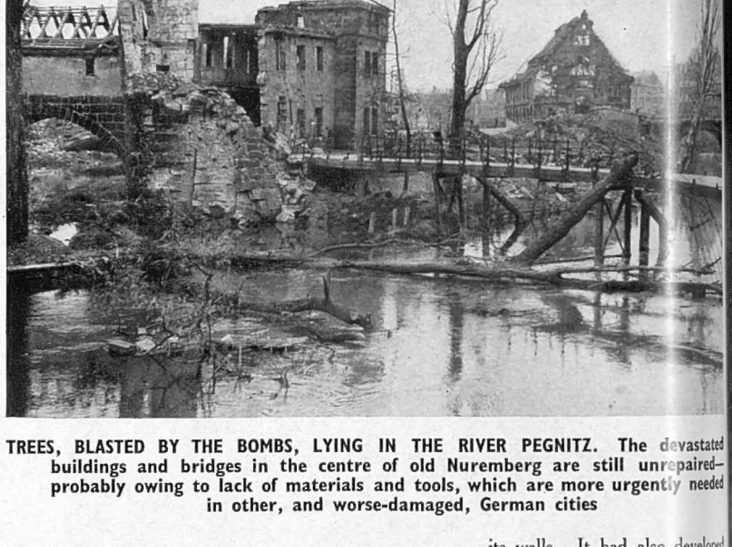
To-day, Nuremberg figures in the newspapers as the city in which the Nazi war criminals are being tried for their lives. But before that, right up till the last year of the war, it was famous throughout the Reich as perhaps the best-preserved of all Germany's mediæval cities. Situated on the River Pegnitz in Middle Franconia (over which the bestial and sadistic Streicher—now in the dock—reigned as Gauleiter during the Nazi regime), Nuremberg dates back to 1051 A.D.

There was no town in Germany so suggestive of an old Imperial city: it was dominated by its castle and enclosed by a wall, towers and broad, dry moat. In later years it became as well known for its beer-brewing as for the many ancient and interesting buildings within its walls. It had also developed a thriving trade in toys and clock-making.

Then it was taken over by the Nazis and used by them for their great fist-shaking displays and torrents of threatening speech-making. For this reason, as a stronghold of National Socialism and a centre of Nazi propaganda, Nuremberg was chosen by the Allies for the present trials.

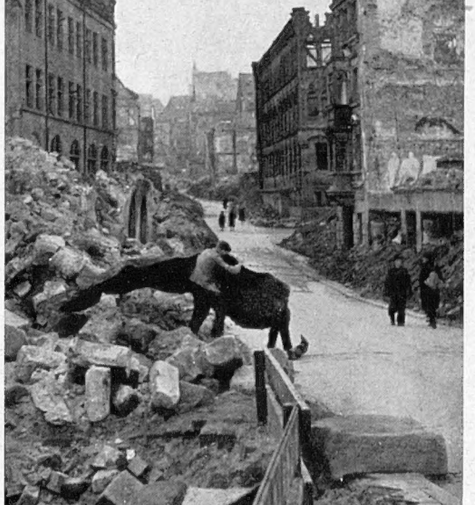
On January 2, 1945, Nuremberg's happy existence came to an end. On that night the R.A.F. carried out a "cascade raid" during which the bombers were over the city for only twenty minutes. But that short period was sufficient to effect the devastation shown in the pictures given here, and for the killing of 6,000 persons out of a total population of 410,000, which the Germans reported shortly afterwards.

To-day its ancient walls still stand in places, each entrance to the city guarded by Martello-like watch-towers dating back to the thirteenth century, when the town was made a Free Imperial City. Not all of them are undamaged, however, as our pictures show. It was not until the year 1816 that Nuremberg was annexed to Bavaria—but it soon became one of its leading cities.



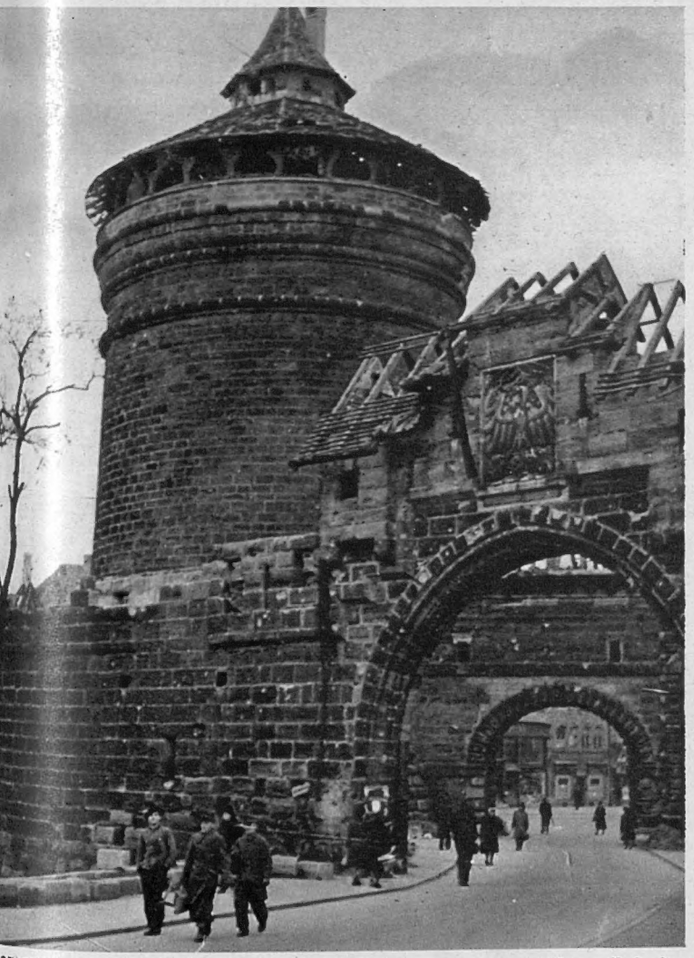
TREES, BLASTED BY THE BOMBS, LYING IN THE RIVER PEGNITZ. The devastated buildings and bridges in the centre of old Nuremberg are still unrepaired—probably owing to lack of materials and tools, which are more urgently needed in other, and worse-damaged, German cities

ST. LORENZ CHURCH, AMONG THE RUINS OF THE KONIGSTRASSE. This edifice still stands, although scarred by the bombing and with its interior gutted. It was begun in 1274 and was the largest and finest church in Nuremberg. It has two towers, of which only one is seen in this view

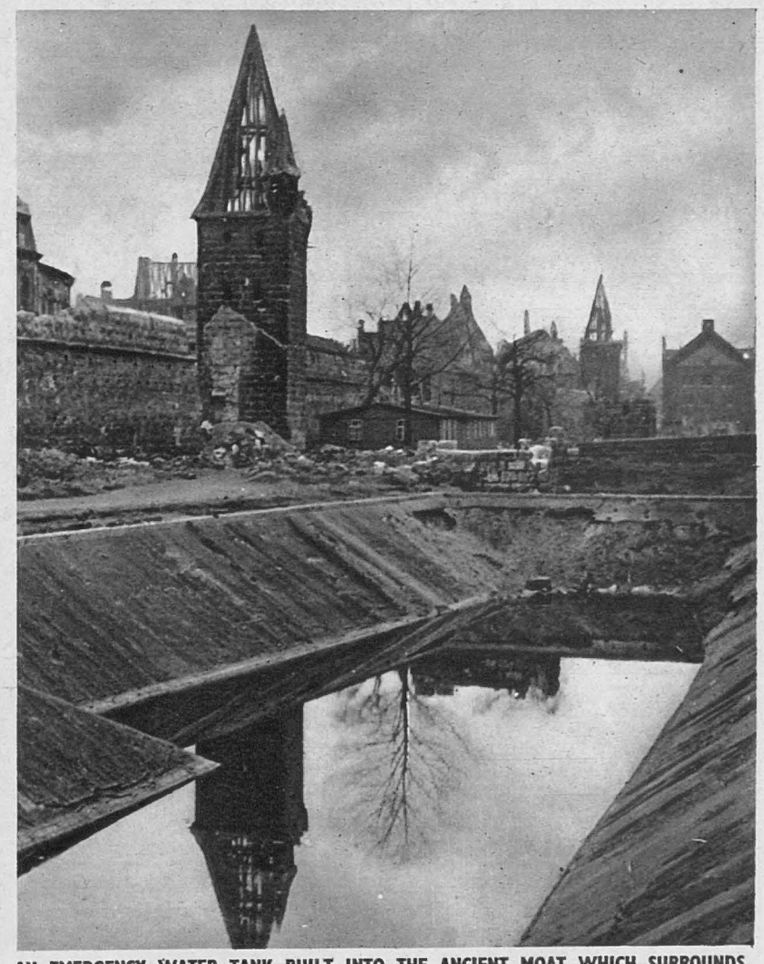


SALVAGING SHEETS OF METAL from a ruined street to make badly-needed repairs to dwelling-houses in the city. This scene comes from a heavily-damaged quarter of Nuremberg

ONE OF THE OLDER PARTS OF THE CITY: THE SCENE AT THE MAX BRUCKE AND HENKESTEG. The latter—one of four bridges across the Pegnitz—is the "Hangman's bridge": it is seen on the left in this view. The mediæval and picturesque building in partial ruins on the right was built in the year 1491; formerly known as the Unschlitt Haus, it was originally a granary; before its partial destruction by the R.A.F., it had degenerated into a State pawnbroker's office. The bomb damage to it is capable of repair



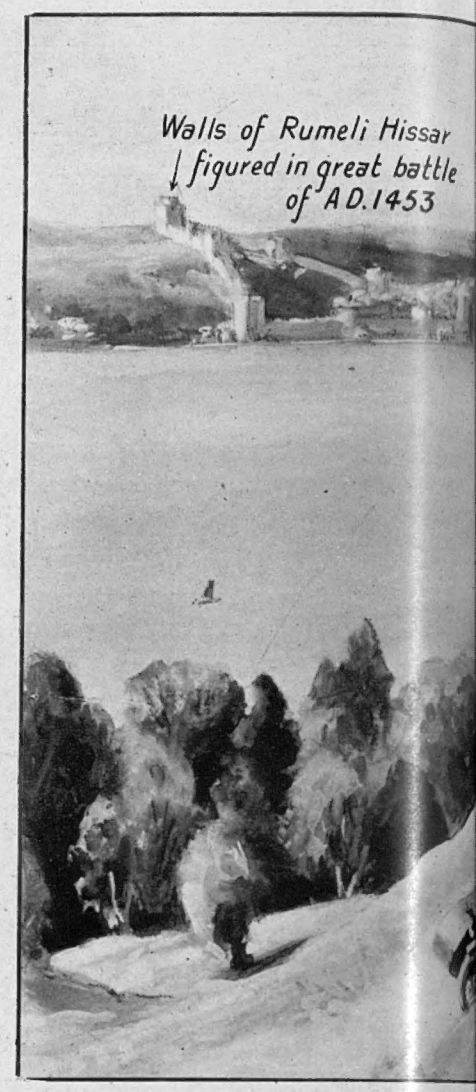
OF THE TOWERS AND A HALF-RUINED GATE at the entrance to the walled city of Nuremberg. Above the gate is the German eagle: near by are quarters devastated by the R.A.F. "cascade" raid of January 1945



AN EMERGENCY WATER TANK BUILT INTO THE ANCIENT MOAT WHICH SURROUNDS THE INNER CITY. This moat had been dry for some years, until it was again filled with water to cope with R.A.F. incendiary raids

b

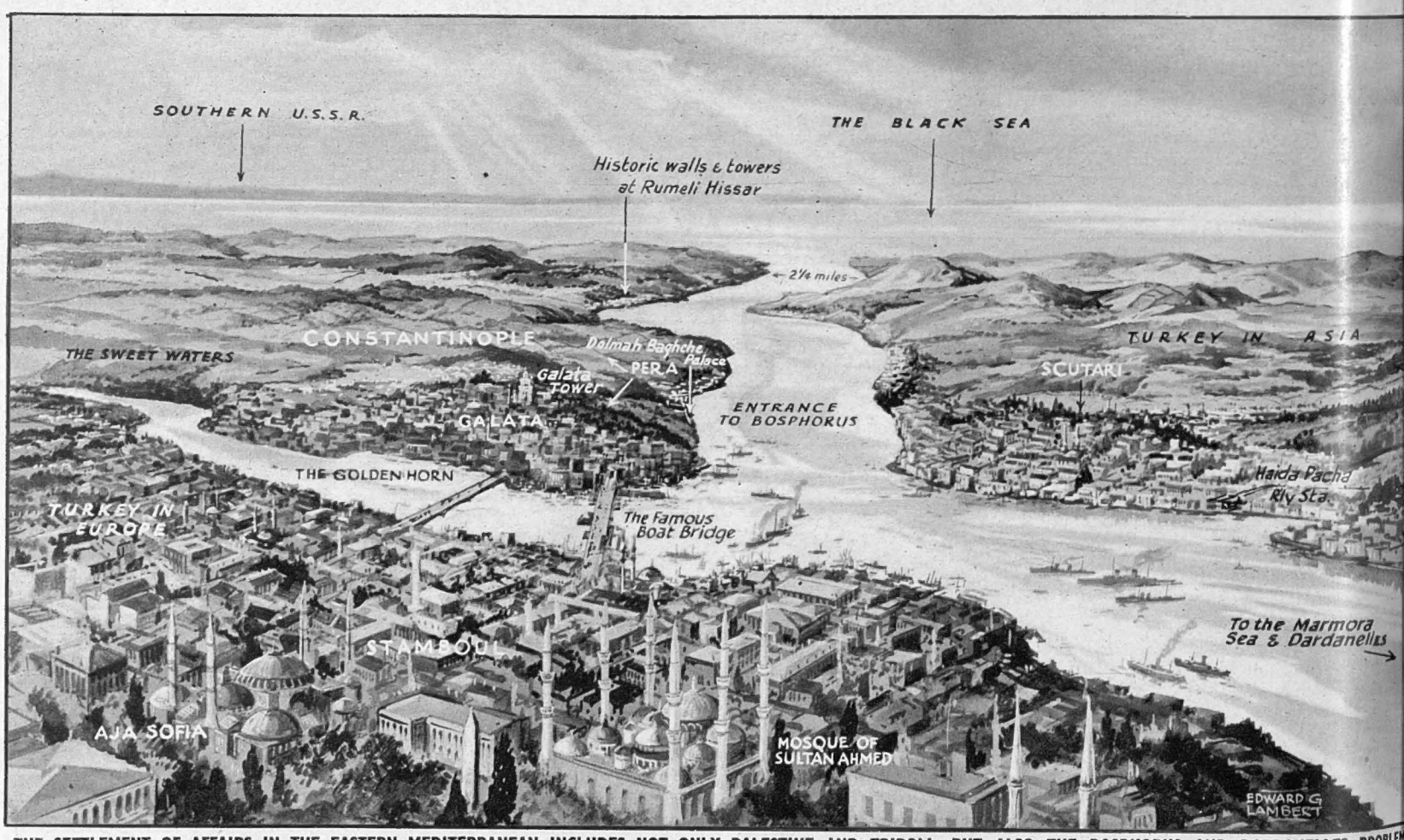
THE GALATA BRIDGE, WHICH CROSSES THE GOLDEN HORN AND JOINS THE TWO PARTS OF THE CITY, STAMBOUL AND GALATA: Above the stretch of water and built on the slopes of a hill is the European quarter of Pera. It is thoroughly western in character, as Stamboul is Oriental



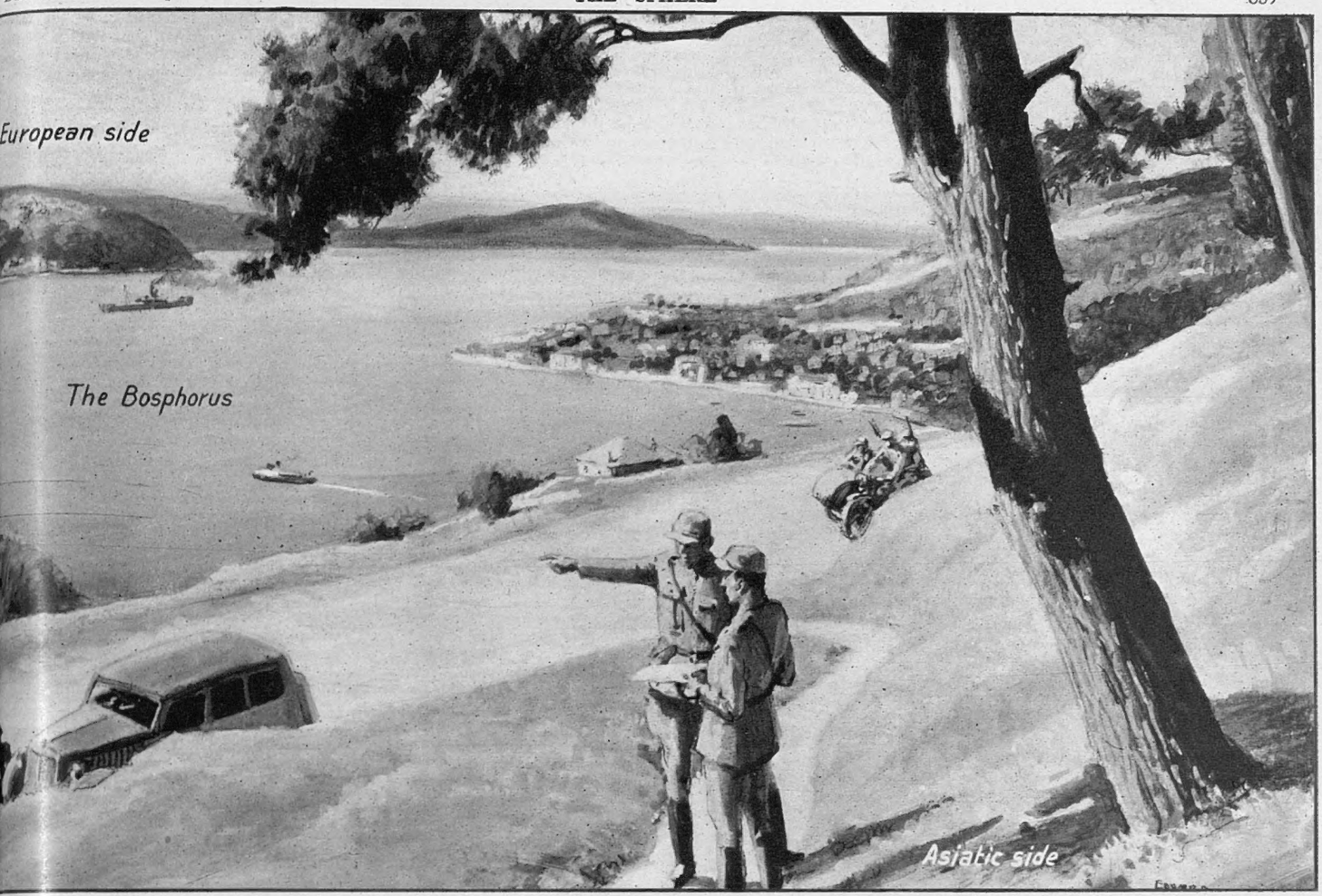
THE DARDANELLES AND TURKEY

The Situation at the Eastern End of the Mediterranean, where Russia has Been Making Claims to the Straits —Special Sphere Drawings

Although the Turkish Government have been proceeding with the greatest propriety in meeting the present Near East situation, it has not been possible altogether to suppress ebullitions of popular feeling in Constantinople. Twenty thousand students and their associates surged through Stamboul a few days ago towards the Russian Embassy in the city, demonstrating with shouts of "Down with Communism" against present-day demands on Turkey. The crowds wrecked four newspaper offices and libraries and bookstalls offering Communist literature and surged on towards the U.S. Embassy. They were eventually controlled by the local police. The outbreak gave some indication of the extent of pent-up feeling in Northern Turkey. The views of the British Government on the use and status of the Dardanelles have been made known to the Turkish Government in a memorandum handed to them by the British Ambassador, Sir Maurice Peterson. The attitude of the United States was indicated earlier by Mr. Byrnes, the Secretary of State. He said that his Government proposed that the Straits should be open always to all merchantmen and to the warships of Turkey, Russia, Bulgaria and Rumania. They further proposed that passage be denied in time of war to warships above a certain tonnage unless authorised by the United Nations



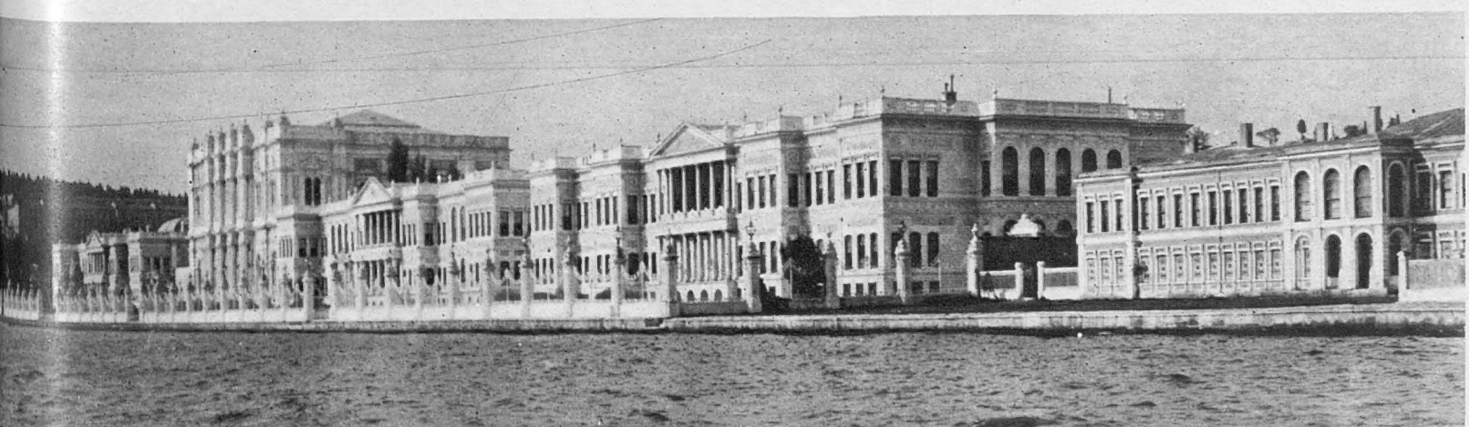
THE SETTLEMENT OF AFFAIRS IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN INCLUDES NOT ONLY PALESTINE AND TRIPOLI, BUT ALSO THE BOSPHORUS AND DARDANELLES PROBLEM WHERE RUSSIA IS DEMANDING A RIGHT-OF-WAY: The much-discussed waterway cuts right through historic Constantinople, former capital of Turkey and Turkish since the victory of 1453, when the Byzantine regime vanished before the conquering Turk. The city is divided into three main parts—Stamboul, Galata and Scutari, each separated by water—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



E BOSPHORUS AS SEEN FROM THE ASIATIC SIDE: RUSSIAN DEMANDS ON TURKEY HAVE CAUSED GREAT TENSION IN THE NEAR EAST, WITH THE TURKS MOBILISING PART OF THEIR ARMY. They have declared that they will not give way on the question of a free Dardanelles. Not only are the Russians asking for a free passage through Turkey by way of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, but anxiety has also been caused at the development of affairs in the Caucasus, on the edge of Turkish and Persian territory—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

E RUSSIAN DEMANDS ON TURKEY SUMMARISED: The U.S.S.R. are claiming the right of their ships to reach the Mediterranean from the Black Sea by way of the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles

THE HISTORIC GOLDEN HORN, THE STRETCH OF WATER WHICH SEPARATES STAMBOUL FROM GALATA: It is always crowded with shipping of all types, including the picturesque native sailing-boats



E PALACE OF DOLMAH BAGHCHE—an imposing building on the European side of the Bosphorus, where the Sultans lived near Constantinople: This combination of European and Oriental architecture is of white marble and was built by Sultan Abd-ul-Mejid in 1853. It was his residence and that of his ill-fated brother, Abd-ul-Aziz. The principal objects of interest in the palace are the staircase, the baths of alabaster and the Throne Room, or Reception Hall, one of the most impressive halls in Europe, where the Sultan held a levee twice a year. It was from this palace that the ex-Caliph Mohammed VI went into exile in the year 1922

The WEHRMACHT now in SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

Russian Criticism at Our Apparent Failure to Disband the German Fighting Forces in Our Area

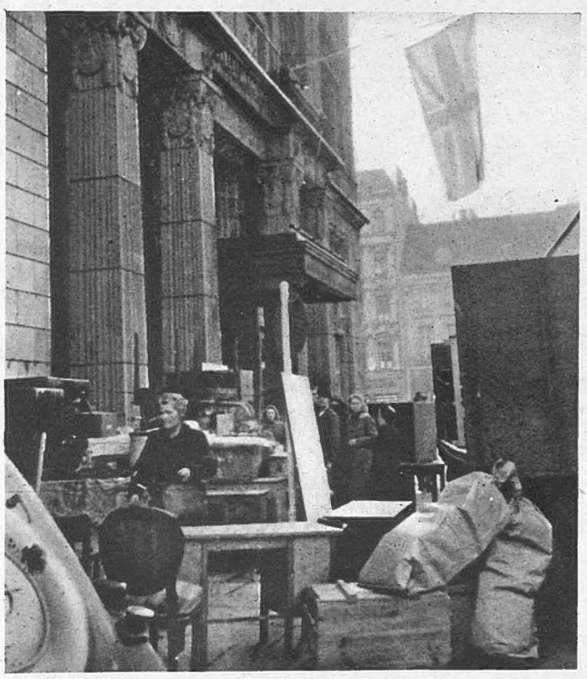
By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHILE there was no call for the Russians to hint that Field-Marshal Montgomery has been secreting German forces in the British Zone against a possibility best left to individual appreciation, there was also inadequate ground for our affecting "astonishment" and "indignation" at the Russian allegation, as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

De quoi s'agit-il?

At the official defeat of Germany (June 5) and two months later, at Potsdam, we contracted to abolish completely and finally all German land, sea and air forces, together with the S.S., S.A. and Gestapo and all organisations and institutions thereto connected, likewise the officers' corps, reserve cadres, military schools and war veterans' associations, and all military or quasi-military bodies serving to keep alive the warlike tradition.

With their eyes almost exclusively on Schleswig-Holstein, the Russians say we have not done this, and put their finger on "Army Group Nord," a Hamburg headquarters under German officers acting in liaison with the British, which is alleged to have three main troop divisions under it, numbering 100,000 apiece. The Russians go into details. They aver that this Wehrmacht survival is organised in five areas and twenty-five district commands; that it has its own staffs, commissariat, motor transport, officers' corps, air and A.-A. formations—specifying the 11th Military Aviation Area "with the staff lay-out of an air army." A German Minesweeping Service with its own flotillas is also mentioned, and "what is more—all these German units are being provisioned and supplied by the British."



FURNITURE FOR BOMBED-OUT GERMANS stacked outside the British Military Government premises in Hamburg. Collected from various sources, these stocks of household furniture will be used in huts and prefabricated houses now being erected to shelter the thousands rendered homeless by the Allied air onslaughts on Germany's principal port during the war

I have an idea where all this started. In Hamburg recently were Russian officers, going round in connection with their reparation claims. I came upon them also at Kiel. And whereas we can't see a blessed thing in the Russian Zone, these Soviet officers could observe what they liked in Schleswig-Holstein. They certainly observed German uniforms with surprising frequency north of Neumünster and round Kiel, Lübeck and intervening places. Such men were marching to work, or actually at work, though quite a few strolled about or were on the trek. More than six months after the Wehrmacht's surrender, it was curious to have all these German uniforms about one. What did they represent? And more in the background? A plot? A convenient arrangement?

Probably two-thirds of all Germans taken by 21st Army Group were rounded up in Schleswig-Holstein, percolated thither later from Denmark and the Eastern Front, or were sent there by us. It was a natural coralling-ground, and according to figures issued at the end of October and intended to stand for the winter, here were the actual numbers of German soldiers in the area—the 8th Corps Area—on September 15 last:

Area "F"—172,030; Area "G"—69,820; remainder of Corps Area—Wehrmacht, 52,612; German Navy, 31,163; German Air Force, 12,791; Hospital, 42,301.

This means that unless further disbandment has since taken place—and such was not intended beyond "slight shrinkages as hospital patients, and remaining soldiers normally resident in the British and American Zones are discharged"—this means that more than 340,000 of the Wehrmacht, not counting the hospital cases, remain to be disbanded locally before we shall have conformed to the letter as well as the spirit of the two undertakings we signed.

Up to September 15 we *had* disbanded the following personnel in Schleswig-Holstein:

"Barleycorn," 639,703; "Shuttle," 223,485; "Coalscuttle," 124,510; "Blimp," 76,863; "Flak," 26,065; "Knickerbocker," 306; Local, 5,702: total, 1,096,634. (I regret not being up in all these designations, but the first three imply farming, despatch to other zones, and mining; while "Knickerbocker" is release for civilian clothing manufacture, and hence infinitesimal.)

Now let us proceed a stage farther in this rather involved business.

Up to a few weeks ago the Russians would have been right in saying that our undisbanded Wehrmacht was in three main divisions or groupings. It was. In West Schleswig, above Cuxhaven, was a sealed-off coastal territory which may well have been Area "G," with 70,000 Wehrmacht enclosed in it. Then, more in the centre of the province, were—and still are—some 95,000 further Wehrmacht; but these are not sealed off to themselves. They are the men the Russian officers and I observed all around, and they are working as follows:

The Royal Navy has frozen 30,000 of them. Among this lot are the minesweeping personnel—and one wonders what more sensible than to use the late enemy to remove the marine perils he laid? German sailors are also used for demolition, maintenance and repair, and they manned the launch that took me round on the accepted tourist trip to their naval "graveyard" in Kiel Fjord. It is quite true to say that the German naval uniform is still widely on view round Kiel, and entirely under discipline.

The Army and the R.A.F. have taken on a further 20,000 Wehrmacht for reconstruction, while a remaining 40,000 odd in this central area are on guard duties, road-making, cutting wood and peat, and maintaining supplies. It is easy, however, to form an exaggerated view of the total in uniform on account of the numbers of convalescents one constantly comes across along the Baltic strands or seaside resorts.

So much for two groupings. The third is the most interesting, and has, in fact, absorbed the sealed-off 70,000 who used to be over in West Schleswig. These have been moved across to the Oldenburg Peninsula, above Lübeck, so that now there are only two main groupings under that Hamburg "Nord" direction. Incidentally, this Oldenburg on the Baltic must not be confused with the better-known Oldenburg Duchy south of Bremen.

Oldenburg Peninsula is "Area F," and last September had 172,000. Now it must have 240,000, and they are in two parts: one in the Peninsula, which may be likened to Anglesey, and a second lot, all naval, in the Island of Fehmarn, a mile or two out. The whole collection comes under the designation "Stockhausen Korps," after its commander, Lieut.-General Stockhausen, who rules the area under the eye of British Intelligence; from Count von Platen's fine castle of Weisenyausen.

Let us keep the Anglesey idea (without the Menai Strait), because that is how it suggested itself to me as I motored by the border which extends for about 30 miles from coast to coast, sealing off the Peninsula and all within it. You can go as far as road posts, where you read notices, "No British troops allowed in this territory," and on guard you see German soldiers beside British, the former wearing yellow armlets denoting that they have been satisfactorily "screened" and may be relied on to guard their fellows of the Wehrmacht within.

Until recently no outsiders were allowed in the Peninsula, where residents are sparse—chiefly farming community and fisherfolk. Now visitors are permitted under strict control, though all British must have an armed escort and venture in only by day.

The Germans thus left to themselves are predominantly of three categories. They hail from former Eastern Germany, now taken over by the Poles and Russians, or from the French Zone. Secondly come "difficult cases," men who are not wanted elsewhere. And thirdly, there are many low-ranking Waffen S.S., men we do not think it is safe to disband. The worst of these are on a sort of "Devil's Island" off the other side of Schleswig—I believe it is Foehn, below Sylt.

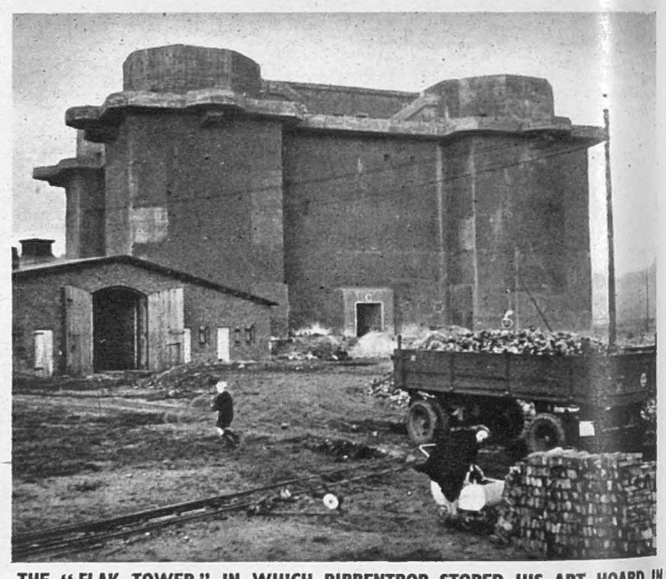
In summer the internees could swim and sunbathe, but it is grim going now. Yet they still have concerts, cinemas and dancing, while many attend day vocational classes. The best spot for the rank and file is the former tank training centre, Putlos, which boasts a fine new barracks in which are billeted 4,000 or 5,000 Service personnel of both sexes. But, over the Peninsula in general, much of the time is taken up with building and conserving shelter against the cold winter rain and fog, raising extra food, felling lumber for warmth, mending and attending to first primitive wants.

Lastly, I take this from the Army "ticker" message that put me on the investigation: "Evacuation of the large number of General Staff and senior officers of all services has yet to be arranged." Here, indeed, is something to bite on. The total number of these most dangerous men, in whom survive the Prussian military mind and tradition, was mentioned as "several thousand," though I cannot vouch for that. Still, there they are, assembled mainly round General Stockhausen, when they are not administering the several "corps" areas in the Peninsula—and still getting away with plenty of smartness, drill and training, with their troops.

The training is forbidden, but obviously it is out of the question to check on happenings over so wide an area, populated by 250,000 of the Wehrmacht and by some of the toughest at that. A small number carry arms to ensure order and guard supplies.

It is easy enough for the Russians to criticise. All they need do with their Wehrmacht is to haul as many as they wish back to Russia, where there is work for them. When Germans are beyond work ("The Unusables"), they are pushed back, as so many ghastly crocks, into the other Allied zones if they belong there. Nor are any officers from the West allowed into the Russian Zone (as Field-Marshal Montgomery suggested) to see how the Russians are using their Wehrmacht—what, for instance, of the tens of thousands of Von Paulus' "Free Germany" movement, who were said to have been formed into an administrative militia? What of the use the Russians are making of German scientists and technicians, some of whom they periodically "remove" from the other zones?

It is well known that the Russians are using for their own purposes as much German ability and experience as they can muster.



THE "FLAK TOWER" IN WHICH RIBBENTROP STORED HIS ART HOARD IN HAMBURG: Forty-seven paintings, valued at nearly £50,000, the war loot of Ribbentrop, have been found in various parts of Hamburg. The majority are by nineteenth-century French painters—Manet, Courbets, Ingres and Fragonard. The pictures, stored by special instructions of the German Foreign Office, were found in one of the many "Flak Towers" of the city. (*See also facing page*)

THE DUTCH OLD MASTERS RETURN

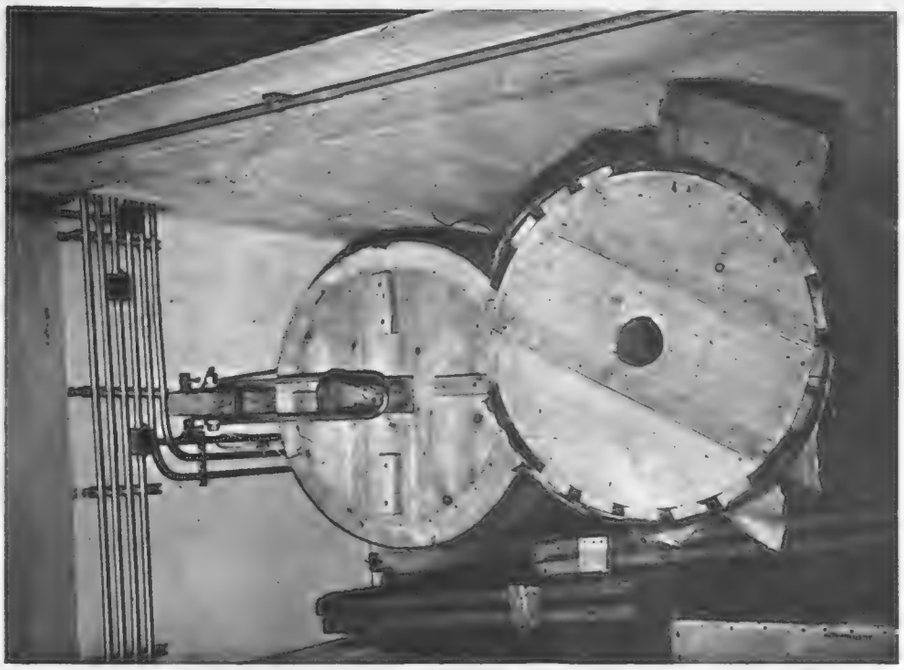
After Being Hidden from the Germans During the War Years

(See also following pages)

All lovers of art will rejoice at the news that the priceless collection of paintings in the famous Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam is intact, after six years of war, and back in the Dutch capital. The official reopening of the Museum was held recently, when most of the pictures were again on view. After the pictures had been removed by the Dutch authorities, they were ordered by the Germans to transfer them to still another place—Steenwijk, near the Reich frontier. To ensure the safety of the more valuable paintings, the Nazis used Dutch labour to construct a huge steel and concrete safe at Paasloo; in the circular building here, with 15-ft. wall and 30-ft.-thick roof, the pictures were hung in 120 vertical racks, opening like the leaves of a book; large canvases were rolled on drums. In this way over 3,000 pictures were preserved. Other pictures, including the famous Rembrandt of the "Night Watch" (of which a reproduction is given on the following page), were transported to the so-called St. Pieter's Mountain in the Province of Limburg

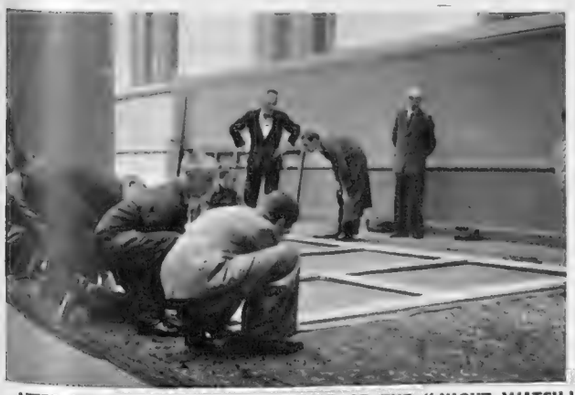
THE MASSIVE CIRCULAR STEEL AND CONCRETE BUILDING AT PAASLOO, NEAR STEENWIJK, where many of the treasures of the Amsterdam Rijksmuseum were preserved during the war: This picture shows the entrance, protected by a blast wall, and quarters for the staff. The pictures brought here have now been returned to Amsterdam

THE FAMOUS REMBRANDT OF THE "NIGHT WATCH," a huge canvas, was wrapped in flannel and oilcloth and packed in a long case for its journey by water from St. Pieter's Mountain back to Amsterdam



HOW THE PICTURES WERE PRESERVED AT PAASLOO: These drums hold large canvases. The one on the right contains "The Battle of Waterloo," painted by Pieneman for King Wilhelm I, and now owned by Queen Wilhelmina. The drums were rotated half-a-turn every day, to prevent the canvases settling in one position

THE "NIGHT WATCH" IS UNROLLED ON TO A HUGE CARPET: The experts peer anxiously at the canvas for any marks of damage after its five years of exile in Southern Holland



AFTER THE UNROLLING, THE FRAME OF THE "NIGHT WATCH" IS LET DOWN ON TO ITS BACK: It was shifted gently until the holes for the nails fitted exactly over those in the canvas. Members of the municipality of Amsterdam (which town owns the picture) were present

THE FAMOUS REMBRANDT HANGS AGAIN ON THE RIJKSMUSEUM WALLS: The canvas is still crinkly, but it will stretch itself later. Near by are the Director and Vice-Director of the Museum and some of the art experts. Now it has been decided to "reclothe" this great work of art—a very delicate undertaking about which considerable secrecy is being observed

ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN OF VERMEER'S WORKS—"THE LITTLE STREET." This view of an old house in Delft (old even when Vermeer painted it in the middle part of the seventeenth century) has been reproduced in almost every country in the world. It bears all the characteristics of this famous Dutch master's art

A COUNTRY-HOUSE SCENE BY PIETER DE HOOCH. This painter's works are amon the rarest art treasures of Holland. He lived during the period 1629-168 "Conversation Out of Doors" gives an illuminating picture of everyday li in the country in seventeenth-century Holland

PORTRAIT OF A MAN AND HIS WIFE, PAINTED BY FRANS HALS, who ranks high among the world's greatest artists. He was born at Antwerp in 1580: during his own lifetime many of his finest pictures were sold for but a few pounds

PAINTED BY A PUPIL OF FRANS HALS—"The Portrait of a Litt Girl," by Verspronck (1641): the face of this girl appea on the new Dutch 25-florin bank-notes

Some of the ART TREASURES of AMSTERDAM Now Back Again in the Rijksmuseum

As stated on the previous page, the famous Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam has recently been reopened, so that its world-renowned canvases may again be inspected by art-lovers. None of them has suffered as a result of the war, but some (Rembrandt's historic "Night Watch," for example) are in need of expert attention. During the five or six years of danger, the canvases were despatched to remote places away from the rain of bombs and shells which fell on Holland.

The value of these pictures is difficult to assess, so rare are they and so incalculable the present-day caprices of art-collectors. In the Rijksmuseum, the Rembrandts and Vermeers and Hals—to name only a few—a amongst the most famous pictures the world. Those already on exhib tion have a pre-war valuation 2,000,000 Dutch guilders.

It is an interesting commentary o the state of affairs in Europe to-d to learn that some of the canvase stored at Steenwijk have not yet bee restored to the Dutch capital becau of the coal shortage, which preven the adequate heating of the A Galleries in that city!

THE NEW DUTCH 25-FLORIN BANK-NOTES contain a reproduction of the head of the little girl painted by Verspronck (above)

REMBRANDT'S SO-CALLED "NIGHT WATCH"—THE MASTER'S LARGEST AND MOST CELEBRATED WORK, PAINTED IN THE YEAR 1642: This huge canvas was rolled and stored during the war in Limburg. It is now again hanging on the walls of the Rijksmuseum and is to be "reclothed"

This painting was derisively called the "Night Watch": it was a Civic Guard group commissioned by the company of Captain Frans Banninck, and it was paid for by the officers depicted. Each member of the Guild represented in the canvas paid 100 florins for his portrait: as there were originally sixteen in the group, Rembrandt thus received 1,600 florins for his work. To-day the picture is worth much more than this! The scene is laid in a lofty vaulted hall lighted only by windows above: the peculiar light and spirited action of the picture has been enthusiastically admired by all connoisseurs of art. The picture was not a success amongst the men who had subscribed their 100 florins: they had paid for "full lengths," and some of them were only given head and shoulders! To-day the "Night Watch" is one of the most famous treasures of the Rijksmuseum

On left—**"THE SICK LADY," BY JAN STEEN (1626-1679). The Rijksmuseum contains a very great number of this painter's work, and many others are in English private collections**

A DUTCH RIVER SCENE, "THE MILL NEAR WYK," PAINTED BY JAKOB VAN RUYSDAEL, a great landscape artist. Normally he delighted to depict the wilder aspects of Nature; but in this picture he has taken a placid and typically Dutch subject. Ruysdael was born at Haarlem in 1630 and died in the same city in 1682

BELGIAN STUDENTS DESIGN A FIRESCREEN FOR MARSHAL STALIN: M. Sergueev, Soviet Ambassador, accepts the gift on behalf of the Russian Generalissimo. In the left foreground is M. Van de Meulebroeck, the Burgomaster, who made the presentation

IN HONOUR OF STALINGRAD, BRUSSELS HAS NOW RENAMED ONE OF ITS PRINCIPAL STREETS L'AVENUE STALINGRAD: The Soviet Ambassador salutes as the Russian National Anthem is played at the opening ceremony. On the left is Mme. Sergueev

On December 1 Brussels paid tribute to Soviet Russia in two ceremonies attended by the Russian Ambassador and prominent Belgian citizens. Art students in the capital had designed and made a fine wrought-iron fire-screen for presentation to Marshal Stalin: this was accepted on his behalf by the Ambassador from the hands of M. Van de Meulebroeck, the Burgomaster. In the second ceremony a prominent street was renamed the Avenue Stalingrad, in honour of the heroic resistance of that city during the German onslaught on the Eastern Front

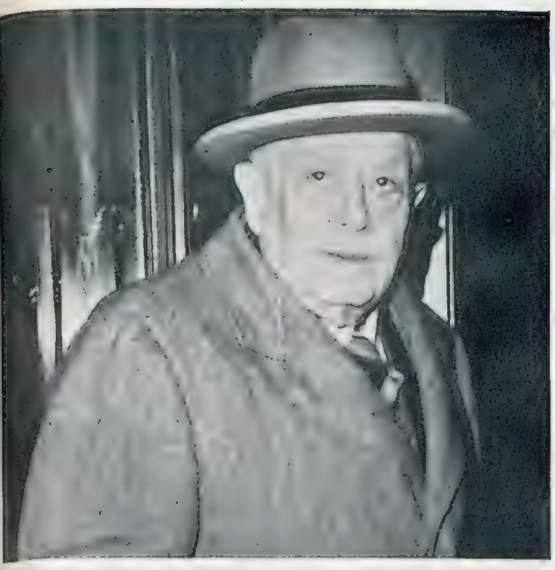
A REVIEW OF FOREIGN EVENTS In Recent Photographs from Many Countries

THE 500,000TH BRITISH SOLDIER TO BE REPATRIATED THROUGH FRANCE. Private John Bruce is greeted at Dieppe by Major-General J. G. Halstead, Vice-Quartermaster-General. A combined French-British ceremonial reception awaited Private John Bruce, of the Gordon Highlanders, when he arrived in Dieppe on his way home to England. He was the 500,000th British soldier to be repatriated to the United Kingdom on the Mediterranean lines of communication leave route. The S.N.C.F. engine which drew his train was draped in Union Jack flags and emblazoned with the British coat of arms. He was greeted at Dieppe station by Major-General J. G. Halstead

THE HANDSOMELY-DECORATED ENGINE, DRAPED WITH THE UNION JACK AND EMBLAZONED WITH THE BRITISH COAT OF ARMS, draws up in Dieppe station, bringing the 500,000th British soldier for repatration to the United Kingdom

KING HAAKON CELEBRATES HIS JUBILEE AT A BANQUET IN OSLO: King Haakon is here celebrating the fortieth year of his accession to the throne of Norway with a Jubilee banquet at the Hotel Bristol, in Oslo, given in his honour by the Norwegian Cabinet. Here are some of the chief guests at the Jubilee banquet: they are, from left to right—the Prime Minister, Mr. Einar Gerhardsen; the Crown Princess Martha; King Haakon; Mrs. Gerhardsen; the Crown Prince Olav; Mr. Osborne, American Ambassador to Norway; and the Norwegian Foreign Minister, Mr. Trygve Lie

THE MASS-SUICIDE ATTEMPT BY GERMAN INTERNEES IN SWEDEN to avoid extradition to Russia: Scores of German military internees in Swedish camps attempted mass suicide as Swedish soldiers and State police set in motion their extradition on November 30 to Russian-occupied Europe. The Germans were rushed to hospital, where their wounds were treated. Other internees had been hunger-striking and were found too weak for transportation; they, too, were taken to hospital, and forcibly fed. This was the scene in the internee camp at Ranneslatt, near Eksjo, where the mass-suicide attempt was started. Many of the men lying on stretchers are dead, while others are awaiting transportation to hospital



THE LAST OF THE "BIG FOUR" who negotiated the 1919 Peace Treaty at Versailles : Still alert at eighty-six, Vittorio Orlando, former Premier of Italy, is here calling on Prince Umberto of Italy for consultation during the recent Italian Cabinet crisis. Orlando is the sole surviving member of the "Big Four" of the 1914-18 War who dictated the Peace Terms to the Germans at Versailles. The other three were the late Dr. Woodrow Wilson; the late David Lloyd George; and the late Georges Clemenceau

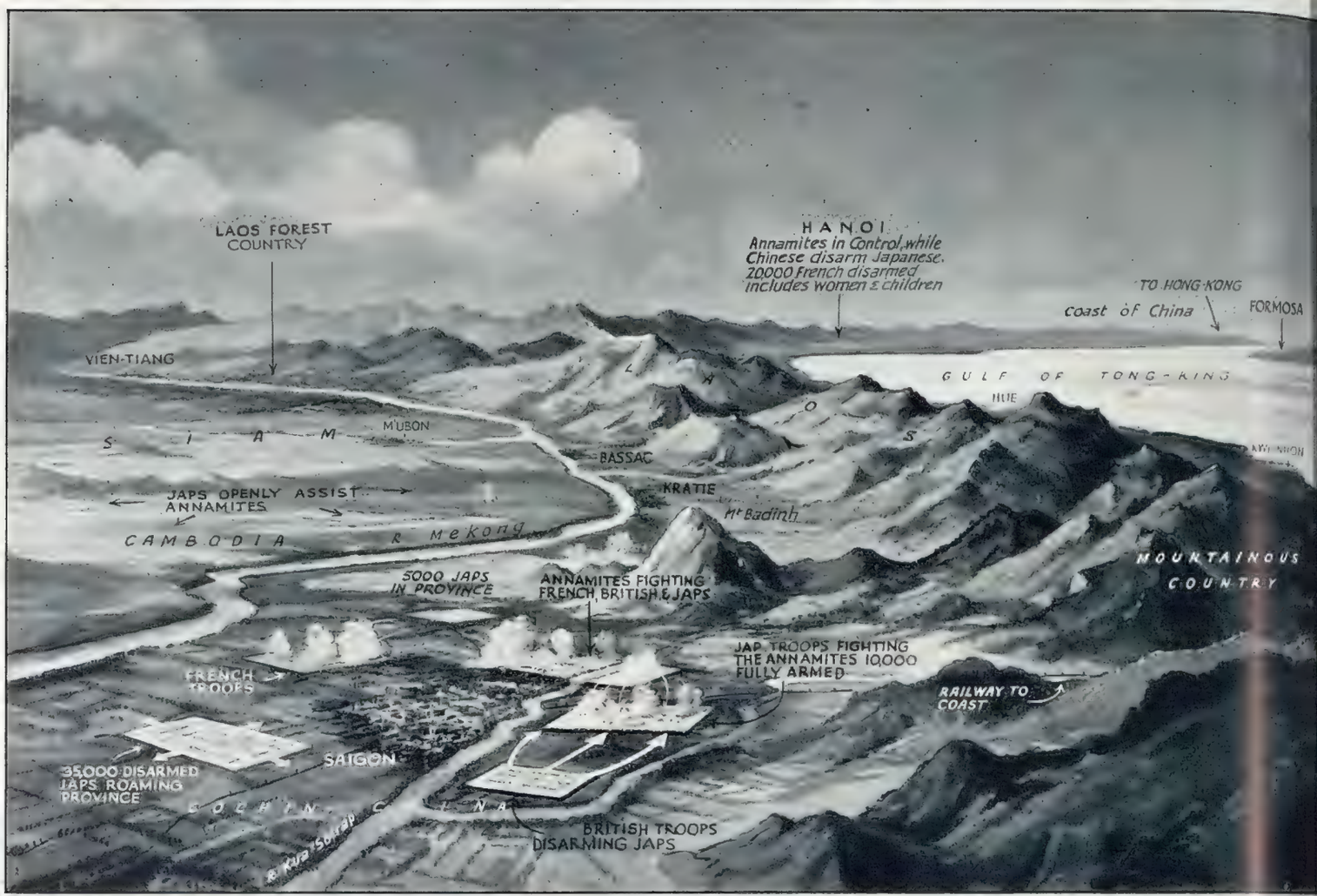
THE AMERICANS PROTEST AGAINST THE WAY BRITAIN IS HANDLING THE JAVA SITUATION : Americans who are so sensitive to criticism of their own activities are here protesting against "British interference" in the Dutch East Indies, where (as the caption accompanying this picture says) "Indonesian Nationalists are striving to break away from Dutch Colonial rule." These members of the "Workers' Party" are picketing the British Consular offices at 650, Fifth Avenue, in New York. They are led by Emanuel Garrett, the former editor of a Labour paper who recently was discharged from the U.S. Army

A CLAIMANT TO THE THRONE OF THE HABSBURGS, who has revived interest in the Drama of Mayerling : Frantz Rolfsvaag (on right), the son of a Bergen business man, claims to be heir to the Habsburg Dynasty. The claimant is the son of Ferdinand Rolfsvaag and Mrs. Haldis Rolfsvaag. The latter (seen on the left) is the eldest of the four daughters of the late Hugo Koehler, alias the Archduke Johan Salvatore von Toscana. He was a cousin of the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria; he disappeared from Vienna in 1891 and was believed dead until a humble lithographer (now revealed to be the missing duke), died in Christiansand, in Norway, in May of this year

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR MILES DEMPSEY IN RANGOON en route for Singapore and Java : General Dempsey was recently appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Land Forces in South-East Asia Command. He arrived in Rangoon on November 19, 1945, on his way to Singapore. Shortly after he was received by the Governor of Burma, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, at Government House, where this picture was taken. General Dempsey has now gone to Java

ON A CORAL ISLAND IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES, occupied by the Americans : On the little island of Biak there are no shops where a woman can buy a shimmering evening gown. However, the personnel of the U.S. Army invited the W.A.C.s stationed there to a masquerade ball. So the khaki-clad women decided to make their formal attire from whatever materials that were available. With a little help, they rounded-up some salvaged parachutes of silk. The Quartermaster contributed bolts of materials he was saving for soldiers' shows. They spent hours designing the frocks, mostly from memory or dreams. The men draped "Last Resort," the clubhouse where the dance took place, with parachutes, installed a fountain and pool of coral, snack-bar and swing band. The scene as closely resembled an American night-club as it was possible for men and women with so few materials at hand. Here the girls are seen in their gala attire, with their soldier escorts

AN R.A.F. FLYING CONTROL SCHOOL IN THE MIDDLE EAST : The Commanding Officer explains the intricacies of airfield lighting. The room is fitted out as a Control Tower and contains a model airfield and a complete Drem lighting system. Over 800 students from the Air Forces of the Allies, together with R.A.F. personnel, have been trained at the Middle East Flying Control School at Heliopolis during the past eighteen months. Organised in three days in June 1944 by the Commanding Officer, Squadron Leader A. Moore, to receive the first courses of American pupils from M.A.A.F., it is now producing two courses of fully-trained Flying Control Officers and airfield controllers every four weeks



AROUND SAIGON, WHERE FOUR NATIONALITIES ARE ENGAGED IN THE FIGHTING NEAR THE INDO-CHINA CAPITAL: the position in the Hanoi area in the land of the Laos forest people—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Although the French forces are taking over in Indo-China, it is not altogether a pleasing heritage. The state of affairs has been odd in the extreme around Saigon itself. The various forces "in the field" have been fighting one another in the strangest way. The circumstances are shown diagrammatically in the above drawing. On the right, Jap troops are seen fighting fully-armed Annamites; a little to the south the British are engaged in disarming Japs; to the left, French troops, to the north of a mass of disarmed Japs, are fighting the Annamites. The Annamites shown in the north are fighting all three major forces—British, French and Jap. This view is taken looking northwards to the Hanoi area. Chinese troops, engaged in disarming the Japs, here come upon the scene. Thousands of interned whites are still in the camps in this northern area. The main Laos country, which is described elsewhere, lies to the west and north beyond Vien-Tiang

A Strange Situation in FRENCH INDO-CHINA

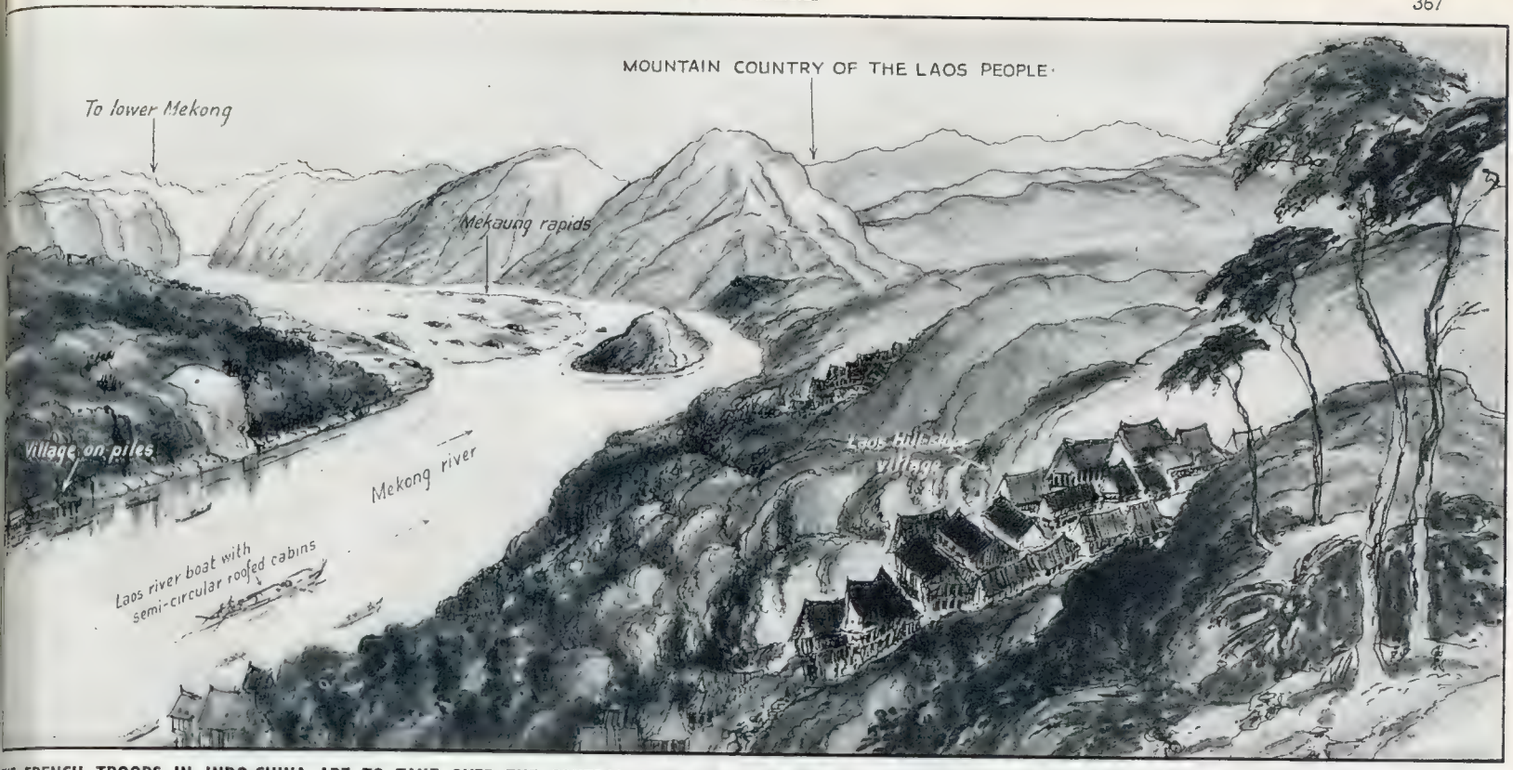
Near the Little-known Laos Country

—Special Sphere Drawings

WHERE THE FRENCH FORCES HAVE TAKEN OVER IN INDO-CHINA: The little-known Laos country, which lies between Saigon in the south and Tonking in the north: the picturesque gorge leading to the local capital of Luang Prabang—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The Mekong penetrates the heart of the Laos country in a dramatic gorge—to the east rise 6,000-ft. peaks behind the provincial capital of Luang Prabang. The cliffs of the gorge are often precipitous, with rock-perched monasteries and pagodas overhanging the mighty stream, which winds northward into the Himalayas for hundreds of miles. The Burma Road cuts across it at one point. Luang Prabang in the above drawing is seen just beyond the high cliffs. It is a typical French provincial town, with some modern, smartly-designed shops, big white provincial Government offices, tramcars, etc. The roads are good within the city, but end off abruptly at the suburbs and virgin forest is again encountered. The natives of the Laos region stroll into the streets on market days wearing the slightest of clothing

During recent weeks, French forces have been augmented sufficiently for the arrangement to be made that they take over the control of the Indo-Chinese situation, and that the British and U.S. forces retire. This does not mean that the situation is altogether calm. In fact, it has remained uncertain for some weeks past. The news from Saigon has varied every few days—at one time it is reassuring, everything is apparently orderly and quiet, but this has been quickly followed by reports of serious clashes, attacks upon the airfield, and general rioting. It has been a most anxious time for the small British force under General Gracey, which was sent in to hold certain key positions (till the French forces could arrive), and to receive the surrender of the Japanese. There were still 10,000 fully-armed Japanese troops in the vicinity of Saigon, supposed to be keeping order outside the British control. Some 35,000 unarmed Japanese have also been roaming, as there have been no means of conveying them to prison camps. Thousands of Annamites were concentrated in the neighbourhood of Saigon ready to cause serious trouble, but remaining for a period quiescent. They remain well supplied with arms, having obtained them from the Japanese. In some places the Japanese have been fighting the Annamites quite seriously, while in others there is definite proof they have been assisting the rebels.



THE FRENCH TROOPS IN INDO-CHINA ARE TO TAKE OVER THE CONTROL OF THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY LYING BETWEEN THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN AREAS: The primitive people living in hill villages among the mountains come into the local towns, scantily clad, from the Mekong River area. They are little accustomed to civilised ways and live chiefly by hunting and fishing—*Drawing by Percy Home*

HE LAOS FOREST MEN OF THE UPPER MEKONG, WHO NOW COME UNDER THE FRENCH IN INDO-CHINA: A scene on the banks of the river as the Laos villagers spear wild game amongst the bamboo brakes fringing the shore—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

he Laos, the primitive folk inhabiting the forest area of North-Central Indo-China, have very onsiderable skill as hunters. They still go after their prey with the spear, tackling the fierce wild oar in the more open spaces of the forest land, where bamboo brakes replace the forest trees. huge variety of the wild ox, known as the goar, is also hunted; the bull boar is a huge brute; requires considerable courage and skill to tackle him. Tigers are fairly plentiful; they show fight if brought to bay, but otherwise keep to themselves in the recesses of the jungle. A fairly big type of crocodile is also a target for the native hunter. This dangerous type of game is met with on certain sections of the Mekong. In the above drawing a couple of hunters are spearing lesser game, having already secured a couple of wild boar. These brutes are usually shorter in the body and longer in the snout than the domestic animal

Encouraged by the Japanese, who speciously ffered them independence just before their own rrender, the Annamites, having formed a Govern- ent, are holding out against any return of rench power and authority. On the other hand, e French have been determined to maintain their uthority while prepared to consider certain demands f the Annamites. Meanwhile the situation remains xtremely uncertain.

Apart from anxiety around Saigon, there has been trouble in the interior of Indo-China, among its five provinces. In Cambodia, in the south, the Japanese openly assisted the Annamites, selling them arms, many of which were run by junks around the coast. Up in the north, in the Tonking area and around Hanoi, the political capital before the war, the Annamites are in complete civil control, while the Chinese Army is busy disarming and evacuating Japanese troops. The Annamite party at Hanoi, known as the Viet Min, have not indulged in extreme measures and have treated the large French colony there fairly well, allowing them a certain amount of freedom. There are some 20,000 French there, including disarmed troops and 7,000 women and children. The French authorities in Indo-China hope to come to an agreement, and are very anxious to avoid bloodshed.

The BRITISH "WEST WALL" in JAVA

The "Sealing-off" of the City of Surabaya after the Clearance of the Indonesian Rebels

TWO STRIKING VIEWS FROM THE CITY OF SURABAYA, WHICH HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER FROM THE INSURGENTS before the year 1811, but up till the outbreak of the Indonesian revolt it was the most prosperous of up-to-date stores and office buildings set among palm-lined avenues. A general view of a modern part of the

The Gurkhas have been building a Javanese version of Hitler's "West Wall" around the city of Surabaya, using Japanese prisoner-of-war labour to wire up the various positions. The intention is to seal off the town from the outlying country as soon as we have completed the occupation.

This great city is the easternmost of the three big centres of Java—Batavia in the west; Samarang in the centre; and Surabaya at the eastern end of the northern shore. It lies on a land-locked natural harbour formed by the large island of Madura. Steamers come through the straits and steer for the docks and quays of this port. These are usually built round the mouths of streams, of which several flow through Surabaya. These waterways are supplemented by canals, as in the case of Batavia and Samarang. The Dutch, when they first settled down to occupy Northern Java, brought with them their love for canals. Batavia was the first city to construct them. They were, and are, picturesque, but not always healthy.

In the above views of Surabaya, canalised waterways are shown winding down to the water-front. One of the photographs shows how modern Western architecture has spread to

BRIGADIER MALLABY'S CAR: A British sergeant examines the burnt-out wreck of the vehicle on the spot where he was murdered at Surabaya. The Brigadier was actually shot in the car: other British officers with him threw a grenade at his assailants, which fell near the vehicle, and this accounted for its being burnt out. These British officers escaped

WEAPONS USED BY THE INDONESIAN EXTREMISTS: A British soldier with a Japanese rifle and ammunition and a home-made Molotov cocktail, used in the fighting at Surabaya

WHICH IS TO BE "SEALED OFF" FROM THE OUTLYING COUNTRY: No English people resided here ese cities. Surabaya is cut in two by the River Caliemas, or River of Gold: it has is given on the left; on the right is a typical residence of one of the wealthier Javanese

Dutch East Indies. These buildings are an out- d indication of the physical material progress of the ds in recent years; steady advances were being e in many directions by the island Government. other view shows the residence of a rich Surabayan ext, evidently with strong Indian interests and s!

Until the year 1811, no Englishman resided at Surabaya: in that year, however, a British regiment was stationed in the city. Previous to this, some English vessels had, now and again, called at the port to take fresh water aboard. To-day Surabaya is the most thriving town in Java: and its development is likely to continue when the present troubles subside

DONESIAN PRISONERS ROUNDED UP AFTER THE MASSACRE OF BRITISH TROOPS: These men were captured on November 25 during the search for the British and Indian soldiers whose transport plane crash-landed in a village near Batavia. The mutilated bodies of twenty-three soldiers were found during the search, and these are some of the men who killed them

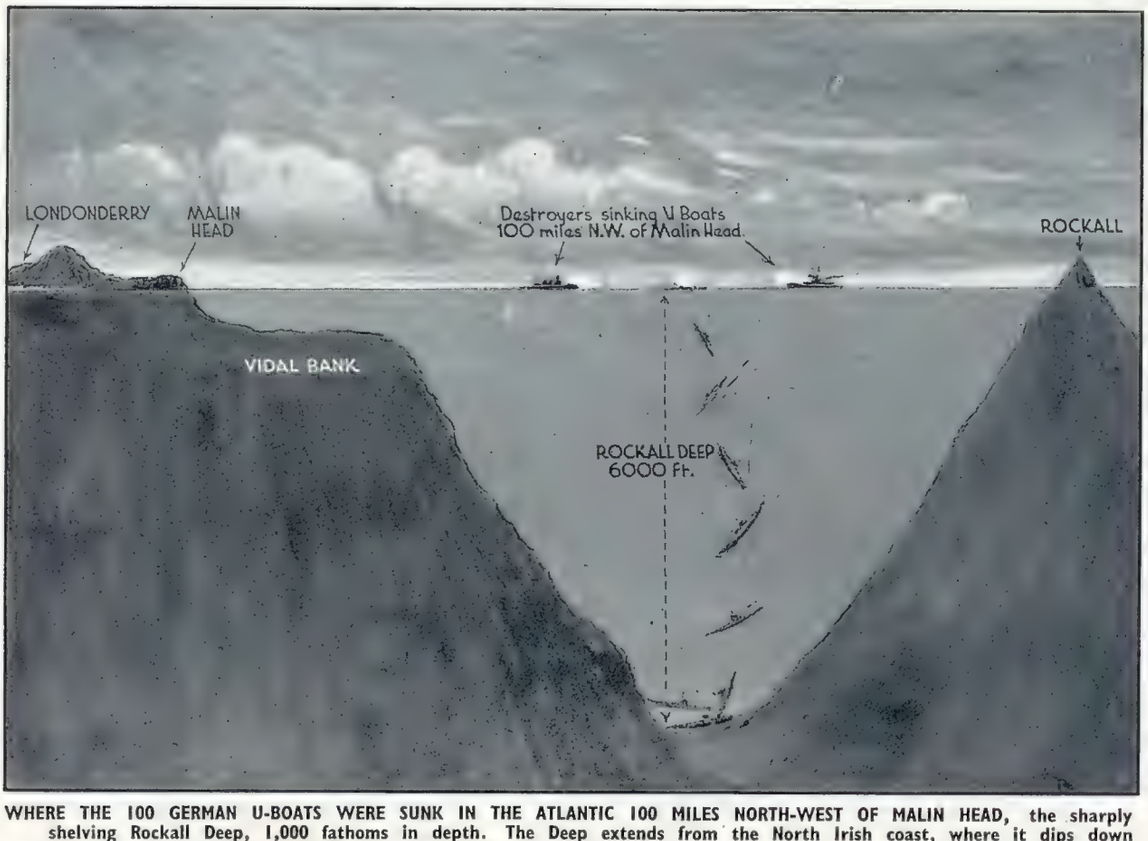
A CAPTURED AND WEAK-MINDED INDONESIAN IS LED TO PRISON: This Indonesian, believed to be a mental case, was captured by British troops while mopping-up the village near Batavia where the mutilated bodies of twenty-three British and Indian soldiers were found following the crash-landing of their transport plane. The prisoner was wearing British uniform and boots and carrying a British rifle when captured. It is assumed that the uniform and arms were taken from the massacred troops. The rope is not tied around the prisoner, but Lance-Corporal M. Dyer, of the Military Police, found it the easiest way to lead the prisoner across the prison yard in Batavia

THE U-BOAT THAT BROKE AWAY: DURING "OPERATION DEADLIGHT" ONE OF THE GERMAN SUBMARINES BROKE FROM ITS TOW. Destroyers and aircraft scoured a wide area of the Atlantic in a search for the vessel, but had to return to Loch Ryan without success—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Aircraft from the carrier *Nairana* went up on November 28 and circled the North Atlantic U-boat graveyard in search of the submarine that slipped her tow while being taken out from Loch Ryan to be sunk. Destroyers joined in the search and ploughed through heavy seas over an area 12 miles wide and 32 miles long, but put back without a sign of the missing vessel. The submarine had no crew on board, no apparatus and no guns, and was harmless except as a piece of 250-ton flotsam fitted with demolition charges in its conning-tower, which might endanger transatlantic shipping. She is one of eighty-six captured or surrendered U-boats lying in orderly "trots" (pens) of five at Loch Ryan, which were scheduled to be scuttled along with twenty-four others lying at Lissahally, near Londonderry

THE GRAVE OF THE U-BOATS

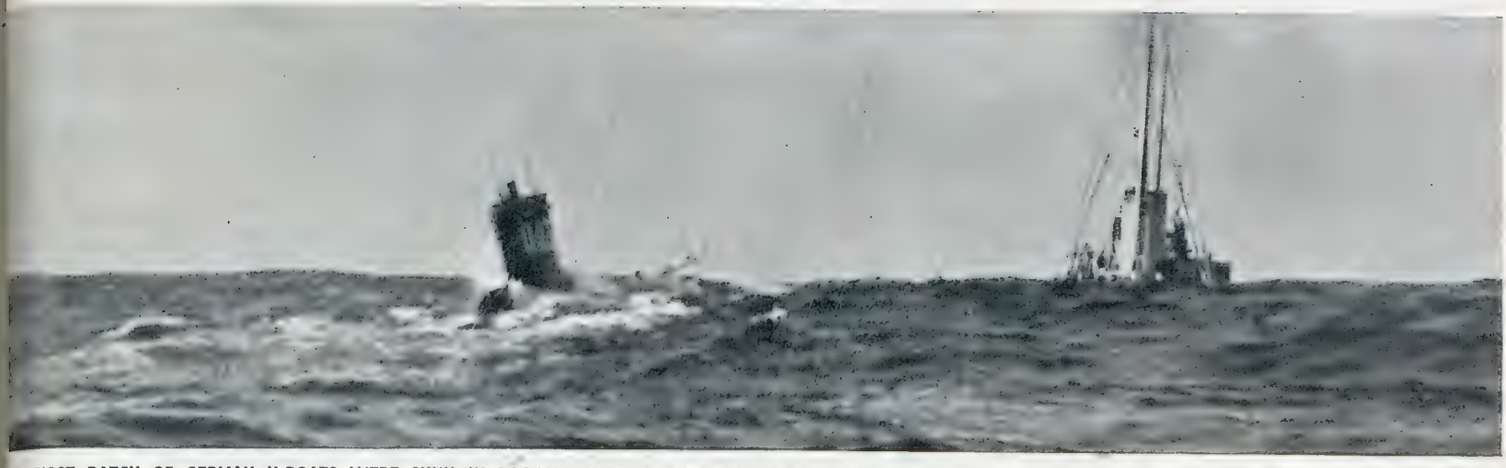
Six Thousand Feet Under the Ocean in Rockall Deep



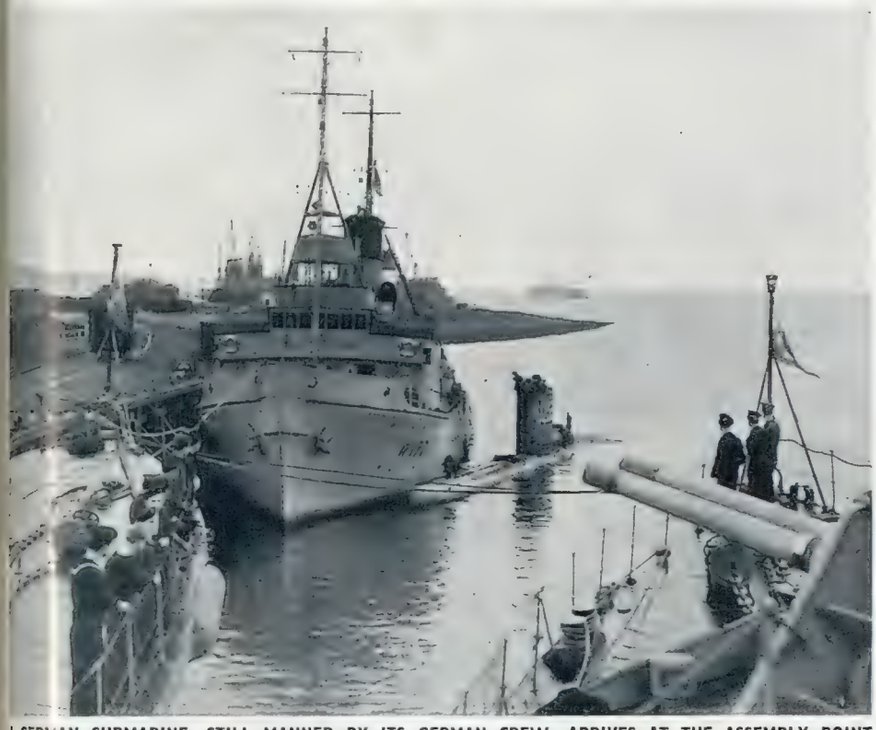
WHERE THE 100 GERMAN U-BOATS WERE SUNK IN THE ATLANTIC 100 MILES NORTH-WEST OF MALIN HEAD, the sharply shelving Rockall Deep, 1,000 fathoms in depth. The Deep extends from the North Irish coast, where it dips down steeply from the Vidal Bank, to the bird-haunted island of Rockall, a lonely spot in mid-ocean—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The German U-boats have made their last plunge into the deep ocean depression lying between the North Irish land shelf and the vicinity of the lonely, bird-haunted peak known as Rockall. From Malin Head, north of Londonderry, a comparatively shallow shelf stretches out to the Vidal Bank, at the north end of which stands St. Kilda of the Outer Hebrides. Thence towards the north-west soundings run steeply down to 6,000 ft. This is the Rockall Deep, one of the great hollows of the North Atlantic. It is into this sea cavern that the U-boats have taken their last plunge.

Rockall Island, which marks the end of the Rockall Deep (and of which a drawing—first published in THE SPHERE in November 1943—is reproduced on the right), is an islet which is little known to the general public. It is believed to be the only existing fragment of the lost palæo-Arctic continent: it is barren and rocky, and is situated at about the centre of the Rockall Bank, which extends for about 60 miles, and some 200 miles to the west of North Uist in the Hebrides. The islet is, of course, granite, and is said to be highly magnetic: it is about 83 ft. in extent at the base and has a circumference of about 100 yards, and a height of 70 ft. Its summit can only be ascended on the north-east side; but landing can seldom be effected even in the finest weather. The Rockall Bank on which it stands is a favourite spot for fishing-craft at certain seasons. Our North Atlantic naval and air patrols frequently passed it during the war



THE FIRST BATCH OF GERMAN U-BOATS WERE SUNK IN ROCKALL DEEP DURING WEATHER WHICH WAS SO BAD THAT THEY COULD NOT BE DESTROYED, AS PLANNED, by explosive charges placed in the hull, but had to be blown up by gunfire from the accompanying destroyers. This picture illustrates how rough the sea really was: H.M.S. "Bustler," the naval tug, is seen hull down in the trough of a heavy sea as she tows U-boat 2323 to her place of destruction



A GERMAN SUBMARINE, STILL MANNED BY ITS GERMAN CREW, ARRIVES AT THE ASSEMBLY POINT AT THE BEGINNING OF "OPERATION DEADLIGHT": It has been moored at the side of the British tug which towed it to Rockall Deep. In the foreground is the Polish destroyer "Blyskawica," the guns of which later finished off the condemned vessel

THE GUN CREW OF AN ALLIED DESTROYER SCORE A DIRECT HIT ON A U-BOAT and send her to her last resting-place: German crews helped to send over 100 U-boats to their last graveyard, 6,000 ft. deep in the Atlantic, 100 miles off the north-west coast of Northern Ireland. The weather was so bad that the first batch—all practically brand-new examples of the Mark 23-type of 250 tons—could not be destroyed by explosive charges placed in the hull, and had to be blown up by gunfire. The U-boats went to the bottom with engines and gear intact—just as they were surrendered

DURING THE WAR, ROCKALL ISLAND LAY RIGHT IN THE PATH OF OUR NORTHERN NAVAL CONVOYS AND OF THE PATROLLING AIRCRAFT OF COASTAL COMMAND: This ocean islet of mystery marks the boundary of Rockall Deep, where the German U-boats have been sunk in one of the deepest parts of the North Atlantic. For a long time the route followed by our destroyers past Rockall was kept secret, and this drawing was only released by the Censor for publication in this journal in November 1943—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

News-Pictures from the United States

A HELICOPTER TAKES PART IN A THRILLING SEA RESCUE: The dramatic scene as a member of the crew of a stranded barge is hauled up by lifeline into the hovering aircraft

AS THE HELICOPTER HOVERS OVER THE BEACH, the crew member is lowered to the ground after being taken off from the wreck: He is the second man from the right. A helicopter aircraft recently assumed the role of life-saver when it picked up a crew member of an oil barge stranded on a reef off the Fairfield coast of Connecticut on November 29. The barge had been torn loose from its tug by high winds and rough seas. This is believed to be the first time that the helicopter has actually been used in a rescue at sea

"A GOOD-SIZED BABY" IS BORN IN NORTH CAROLINA: This is the first picture of Adam Volk, who created something of a sensation at his birth on November 8. He weighed 18½ lbs.! He is wearing a plaster cast on his left arm, broken in the course of delivery. He is the seventeenth child to arrive in the Volk family

MOTHER OF TWO SETS OF TWINS IN ONE YEAR: Mrs. Jeanne Gabel, a radio actress, smiles happily in the Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn after she gave birth to girl twins recently. Mrs. Gabel went through the same thing less than a year ago, on December 13, 1944, when her first set of twins, both girls, were born

HOW THE AMERICAN INFANTRY CROSS THE OCEAN FOR DEMOBILISATION: Here are seen a few of the 5,000 soldiers who went aboard the U.S.S. *Lake Champlain* at Naples on November 18 and 19 for the homeward voyage to the United States. They are seated in their bunks to study the regulations for the trip. The bunks are set up in six-high tiers in the great hangar deck of the Essex-class carrier, a member of the American Navy's "Magic Carpet Fleet" now engaged in the task of taking back the American Overseas Armies

TWO EX-PRESIDENTS ARRIVE FROM VENEZUELA : Glum but free, former Presidents Isais Medina Angarita and Eleazar Lopez Contreras, of Venezuela, arrived in Miami on November 30 by Clipper, after being freed from jail and "invited" to leave their own country. Angarita's Government was overthrown six weeks ago by a revolutionary junta headed by Romulo Betancourt. Lopez Contreras, who had been President, was again a Presidential candidate at the time of the *coup d'état*

SOCIAL LIFE OPENS WITH A SWING IN NEW YORK, with a gala performance of Löhengrin : This is how the famous Metropolitan Opera House looked at the recent opening of its first peace-time season since 1941. The picture was taken just before the curtain rose on the second act of *Löhengrin*. The famous Diamond Horseshoe is ablaze with glamour and gems, and nearly all the men and women are in full evening dress. This is the performance which was attended by Mrs. Harry S. Truman, wife of the President, and her daughter, Margaret. In the near foreground is the conductor, Fritz Busch

"THE KID" RETURNS TO SHOW BUSINESS : After four years in the Army Air Force, Jackie Coogan has returned to Hollywood. He has been engaged by Max Baer to act as Master of Ceremonies at "Slapsie Maxie's." As part of his opening routine on December 3, he donned his old costume and did a scene from the Chaplin film *The Gold Rush*, in which he first achieved fame years ago. During the war he was a glider pilot

BRIDE NUMBER EIGHT : The English girl who is marrying Mr. Tommy Manville : Georgina Campbell, aged twenty-six, is to be the eighth bride of the American Asbestos King, Tommy Manville. The fifty-one-year-old bridegroom said he met Miss Campbell, a newspaperwoman, when she interviewed him recently. Manville said she has been a New York and Hollywood correspondent for London papers

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND dine at the St. Regis Hotel : They stayed here for several weeks during their recent visit to New York, and then went on to Bermuda. It was only recently that the Duke remarried. This picture was taken in the famous "Iridium Room" at the hotel

BETTE DAVIS'S MOTHER WEDS IN CALIFORNIA : A picturesque desert wedding was that at Palm Springs between Mrs. Ruth Favor Davis and Robert Woodbury Palmer, a Boston business man. Mrs. Davis is mother of the film-star. Her daughter was present at the ceremony, and is here seen on the left. In the centre are the new Mrs. Palmer and her husband, and on the right is Lieut. Peck Woodbury, of the U.S. Navy, who acted as best man

BETTE DAVIS MARRIES : Hand-in-hand, the film-actress and her new husband cut the wedding-cake at a reception following their marriage on December 1 at Riverside, California. William Grant Sperry is an artist: he is thirty years of age. For him it was his first venture into matrimony; for Miss Davis, who is thirty-seven, it was her third

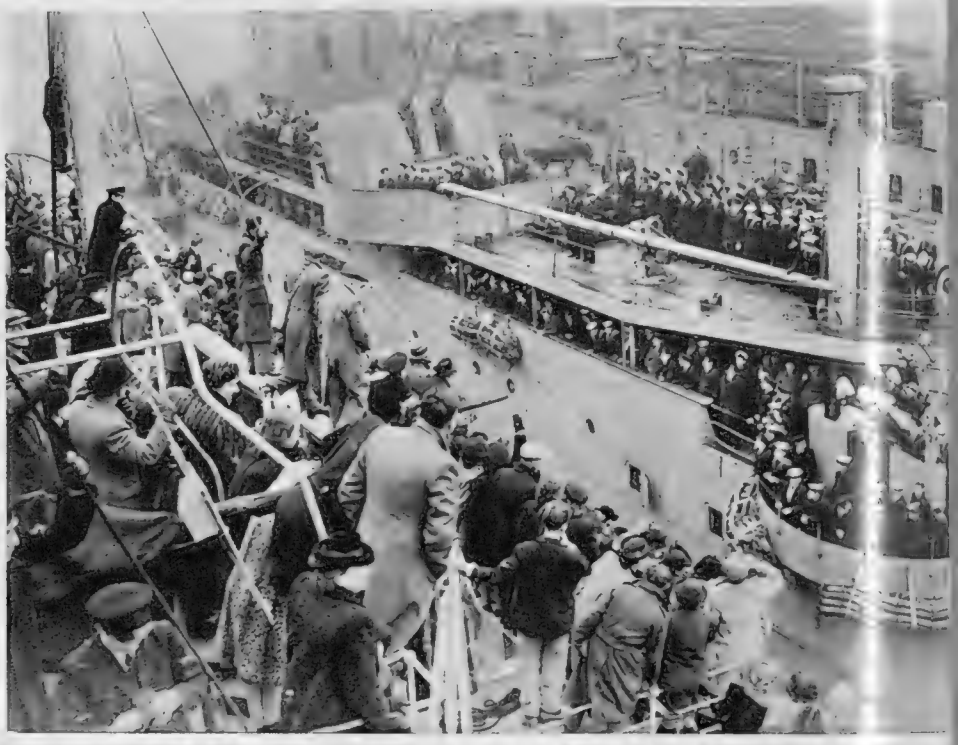
LORD DIGBY'S DAUGHTER WEDS IN THE U.S. : Sheila Digby, daughter of Lord and Lady Digby, and Charles A. Moore are here leaving Riverside Church in New York after their wedding on December 3. The groom is a cousin of Don Alessandro Torlenia, of New York and Rome, who married a daughter of the late King Alfonso of Spain

ITEMS OF HOME NEWS SHOWN IN PICTURES

THE MAYORESSES OF LONDON AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, to attend a tea-party given by Mrs. Attlee : She is seen on the extreme right addressing the Mayoresses. Lady Carisbrooke is with her on the platform

On left—
As President of the Ladies' Committee for the £1,000,000 Victory ex-Services Club Fund, Mrs. Attlee gave a tea-party a few days ago in the large drawing-room at No. 10, Downing Street. It was attended by the Lady Mayoress of London (Lady Davis), the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and the Mayoresses of fifty-five boroughs in the London area

THE MINESWEEPING AGREEMENT IS SIGNED IN LONDON : A "Central Minesweeping Clearance Board," composed of representatives of Great Britain, the U.S., the U.S.S.R. and France, has now been established in London to pool intelligence for clearing European waters of mines. The Board is under the chairmanship of Vice-Admiral E. L. S. King, of the Royal Navy. This picture was taken at the Admiralty when the agreement was signed : it shows the officers of the four nations who represented their countries at the inaugural meeting



THE SURVIVORS OF THE "EXETER" RETURN TO BRITAIN : When H.M.S. *Maidstone* docked at her home port, Portsmouth, on December 11, she carried 400 ex-prisoners of war, many of whom are survivors from the cruiser H.M.S. *Exeter*, sunk off Java by the Japanese on March 1, 1942

CHOOSING A "BEAUTY QUEEN" FOR 1946 : The six winners of the eliminating heat held in the Seymour Hall, London, with four of the judges. Before a very large audience of dancers, Butlin's have just held the first of a series of eliminating heats for a Beauty Queen of 1946, at Seymour Hall, London. The finalists will be chosen at a Grand Butlin Rally to be held at the Albert Hall in February 1946. The judges were Mme. Clancy Moore, a beauty specialist ; Joan Griffiths, B.B.C. Announcer ; Edgar Blatt, B.B.C. producer ; Miss Paula Parker, physical culture champion ; Alderman Church, of the L.C.C. ; and Raymond Glendinning, of the B.B.C. The six first-heat winners were : Miss Jean Hellery, of Dagenham ; Miss Enid Potter and Miss Joan Potter (sisters), of Didcot ; Miss Pat Lewis, of Edmonton ; Miss Marion Godwin, of Lechdale ; and Miss Marie Lewis, of Orpington, Kent

BELLRINGERS AT THE ROPES AGAIN : Members of the Ancient Society of College Youths—Britain's oldest bell-ringing society, formed in 1637—were back at the old job again on December 11, at St. Paul's Cathedral, where they rang out a peal, to commemorate the ninth anniversary of the King's Accession to the Throne

KING GEORGE III" IN EXILE AT BERKHAMSTED: One day he will return to his former London position. One of the equestrian statues removed from London to escape the blitz was that of King George III, who was on the throne at the time of the American Revolution He used to sit his horse in Pall Mall, not far from Canada House. Now he is in a field at Berkhamsted Castle, in Hertfordshire, surrounded by barbed wire

A DEMONSTRATION IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE AGAINST THE BRETTON WOODS PROPOSALS: On the day when Parliament was debating the new financial pact with America, an original demonstration was being carried on outside the Commons against the Bretton Woods agreement. A man, who gave his name as W. Graham, appeared dressed up as a dollar magnate, with a huge cigar and a silk topper with a dollar sign in front of it. He was accompanied by a woman chained to him by several yards of heavy "golden" chain, representing the "Gold Standard," with a banner bearing the slogan "To Hell with Bretton Woods"

THE CONSECRATION OF THE BOY BISHOP OF ADDLESTONE: Dennis McMichael, wearing his robes, after the ceremony, receives the homage of his fellow singing boys. The ancient ceremony of sealing a boy bishop, which dates from the fifth century, has been revived again this year at St. Mary of the Angels Song School at Addlestone, Surrey. The boy holds office until after Christmas. With other boys of the school he visits the sick in hospitals, where they sing carols and other religious songs. One of the boy bishops of Addlestone, who died while in office, is buried in an English cathedral. This year the "Bishop" is Dennis McMichael, of Small Heath, Birmingham

THE SWITCH-OVER TO PEACE AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL: Workmen repairing railway trucks after strenuous wartime service. Woolwich Arsenal is no longer Britain's Number One military supply depot. It is now making and repairing railway rolling-stock; later, however, it is expected to become the Army's experimental engineering depot and laboratory for guns and explosives

GRANITE FROM A FAMOUS QUARRY IS SHAPED TO REBUILD THE LONDON DOCKS: Huge stones for the reconstruction of London Docks damaged during the war are being prepared in the famous granite quarry on Kit Hill, near Callington, in Cornwall. Hundreds of tons of rock are blasted from the quarry and shaped to specification by skilled masons, even to the smallest fraction of an inch, so that the stone will fit into its allotted place without trouble. Even-grained granite from this quarry is noted for its quality. It has been used from Millwall and Tilbury, to the Singapore Docks, and in numerous bridges, such as Lambeth and Chelsea, and in famous buildings, such as the London County Hall

THREE WOMEN SOLVE PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE at a "Home Information" Centre in London: The newly-opened "Home Information" Centre in Regent Street, London is to run for six months. It will be of great service in sorting out the problems of the "young-marrieds," and will have visiting experts to advise on all kinds of domestic difficulties. Here Miss Elsa Ayers, former secretary to Lloyd George, is interviewing Trooper Howard Frost and Private Norah Gardiner (both on leave from the B.A.O.R.) about domestic problems

THE BREAK-UP OF THE WEHRMACHT

Thousands of German soldiers are on the move, many of them returning from Russia, some all the way from Siberia. On reaching the British zone their papers are examined, they are de-loused, fed and sent to a transit camp and then on to their final destination. Already two million men have been demobilised, leaving about half-a-million still to be disbanded. These have been retained either for essential work or for transfer to the French and Russian zones. The disbandment of these remaining units is now being accelerated, as the presence of the men has created tremendous administrative problems

THE END OF A GREAT YEAR

Twelve Months of History in the Making

Recalled by CHARLES GRAVES

A YEAR ago to-day. It seems fantastic that so much has happened in the past twelve months. Of the Big Three, Roosevelt is dead, Stalin is "resting," and Churchill has been unseated and is now treated by the Socialists like any common or garden politician. The English are a strange race. They show affection and loyalty to music-hall comediennes, paying money to see them long after their voices have cracked and their curves have sagged. But when it comes to statesmen, generals, admirals—in fact, the fighting men of all three Services—it is a very different matter.

A year ago to-day the memory of Arnhem was very vivid. There was nothing that was too good for them. Now one reads in the newspapers that the Socialist Government has no better job for them than window-cleaning. In the case of Churchill, he can afford to smile. History will judge. And, as a result of the public ingratitude, he will be able to do what would otherwise have been impossible—to write the inner history of the world's greatest conflict in his own inimitable way.

Roosevelt is dead and buried, and many Americans are attempting to smear his memory by claiming that he was responsible for Pearl Harbour. The inscrutable Stalin remains inscrutable and nobody in Russia dares to tarnish his name. So much for the Big Three.

But what was happening a year ago? The answer is that Von Rundstedt had opened his offensive on Saturday, December 16, against the American lines in the Ardennes. It was an almost exact repetition of the original break-through in 1940, when they crushed the Belgians. No official statement has yet been made to explain why the American Intelligence Service failed so dismally to forecast the direction and weight of the attack. It was hinted later that junior officers in the field had supplied the American High Command with all the necessary evidence of the coming thrust, but that it was conveniently pigeon-holed in view of the approaching Christmas festivities.

The attack swiftly proved to be an all-out gamble to prevent the Allies launching their offensive on the Cologne Plain, coupled with the possibility of re-capturing Liége, Namur and possibly Antwerp. German tanks advanced 20 miles in twenty-four hours. The American First Army was thrown into complete confusion. Fortunately, the 101st Airborne Division held the fort at Bastogne. So bad did the news become that a news black-out was imposed from the moment when the offensive started for the next forty-eight hours. When it was partially raised, the public was confronted with four major offensives against the American First Army and the loss of 10,000 prisoners and 100 American tanks to Von Rundstedt. The fog of war spread over the Ardennes, both literally and metaphorically. It was not until months later that we learned that, if it had not been for "Fido," the Germans might have broken through to the Belgian coast.

At that, General Montgomery had to switch whole divisions in a rushed attempt to save the situation. (A month later, when I was out there myself, I learned with discomfort what might have happened if Von Rundstedt had taken a chance and attempted to cross the river at Namur. For forty-eight hours the Allied might was represented by a mere handful of English infantrymen and armoured cars.)

Yes, it was a very dismal Christmas. V2s were dropping all over the place, while Stavelot and Bastogne won our admiration in Belgium. Even the North of England was not left entirely alone. Several V1s appeared on the scene.

Londonders were somewhat taken aback by a "March of Time" programme based on American big business switching over from war to peace on the obvious assumption that the Germans and Japanese had been extinguished. It showed ruined towns and bombed-out civilians in France, England and China. But the audience was not invited to sympathise. They were told that it was going to be big business for them to replace all the houses, furniture and other accessories which had been knocked flat during the war. To add to the joys of life, there was a Tube strike in London.

The Germans continued to advance in Belgium, though their salient in Luxembourg was growing slimmer. By Boxing Day, however, the German radio was already hinting that the British Second Army was taking over from the American Ninth.

The big news of the day was that Winston Churchill had arrived in Athens to straighten out the Greek entanglement—this in spite of the situation in the Ardennes. It was the most sporting thing for a man of his age (seventy) to do in wintry weather, always with the danger of something happening to his aircraft, as happened in the case of Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory just previously. (And then Sir Stafford Cripps accused him of lack of courage in the House of Commons a fortnight ago.)

The weather became bitterly cold in London. The military commentators had a trying time in attempting to explain away the disasters which had been suffered by the Americans. As for the Russians, the public had been led to believe that they would have captured Budapest at least a fortnight earlier, but there was still no sign of it. Tokyo was being bombed spasmodically by Super-Forts, but without any evident effect.

But the danger in Belgium was by no means over, and Rochefort was the spot-lighted hamlet on the Western Front. The news from Athens continued to be bad in spite of the Prime Minister's intervention.

England was in a more lugubrious situation than she had been since the week before El Alamein. Worse, perhaps. The public had been led to believe so often that victory was just round the corner. Arnhem had been so nearly successful. The Russians had appeared to be on the brink of over-running Berlin weeks previously. Most people had expected never to see another black-out winter. To add to the discomfort and anxiety, the V2s and V1s were dropping continuously over Southern England, mostly London. Food was growing scarcer (but hardly as scarce as it is to-day). Tempers were becoming frayed.

The end of the Japanese war, quite apart from the war in Europe, seemed to stretch into eternity. Our prisoners of war in the Far East were, we knew, being abominably treated, and nothing could be done about it. The Burma campaign seemed to be bogged down, and even when our troops advanced, the general impression was that all the fighting was being done by the Americans.

De Gaulle had flown to Russia to make a personal treaty with Stalin. A bitter winter had enveloped the Continent. Only South Africa seemed to have finished with war. Everything was an anti-climax after the glorious events of the autumn when, in a few golden days, Paris and Brussels had been liberated.

Who could have foreseen the Rheims surrender? Who could have guessed how soon we were going to cross the Rhine? Who could have believed that Hitler would commit suicide in a Berlin bunker in less than six months?

If one cannot go to Nuremberg and see Goering, Ribbentrop, Keitel, and the rest of them in the flesh, it is very well worth-while going to a news-reel cinema and speculating on the emotions of the Nazis as they sit in the dock and listen to the damning evidence being piled against them. Did they know that the gamble had failed, this time last year? Probably not. Their new E-boat campaign was only just being launched. Their new jet-propelled aircraft were only then becoming operational. They must have known that the flying bombs were causing an immense amount of material damage, if not great loss of life. The V2s were "something out of the bag." No doubt they were still hoping that their heavy water and uranium researches might still snatch their chestnuts out of the fire. They must, in fact, have been as unprepared as we were for the final convulsive collapse of the greatest military machine ever known. Even then, they could scarcely have foreseen that Japan would not remain an asylum for them.

1. Warmth Before Elegance: Remnants of the once-proud Wehrmacht wrap themselves in tattered blankets to protect themselves from the severe weather

2. Waiting For Their Transport. Types of disbanded German soldiers in the British zone in Berlin. Gone is the arrogance which once characterised these fighting men

3. Checking Their Papers: On arrival in the British zone, the men have their military papers examined before being allowed to enter the transit camp

4. Passed Out O.K.: A German girl stamping the wrists of the returning soldiers after they have satisfied the examiners

5. "Passport" And Sustenance: A close-up of the stamp on the soldiers' wrists and the ration of bread given to each man for his journey home

Once a week for the past four months the various Whitehall departments have been allowed to release the account of their contribution to final victory—"Pluto," "Fido," "Mulberry," and the like. The general public knew nothing about them.

In the meantime, quite unaffected by events, the Liberal Party was making its plans for putting up 350 candidates in the General Election. The Liberal organisers were full of themselves, pointing out that, as their Party was the only one which had not been in power between the two wars, it could not be tarred with the same brush as the Socialists and the Conservatives. To listen to them, you might have expected that all their 350 candidates would be elected when the time came.

This is a very different Christmas. The great names are in eclipse. General Patton, the American's best fighting soldier, lies—as I write—paralysed from the neck down in hospital. There is the biggest crime wave of the century and threats of new strikes every day of the week.

The world is not exactly heroic to-day, is it?

CHRISTMAS COMES TO BOMB-STRICKEN BERLIN

CHRISTMAS TOYS BRING FORTUNES IN BERLIN'S BLACK MARKET: A section of the huge crowd which has gathered daily to secure presents for the "festive" season. With the approach of Christmas, Berlin's Black Market in the Tiergarten has renewed its activity, despite the danger of Allied raids. Buyers are interested only in toys, which are the main items of business. Prices are astronomical. A doll costs anything from £10, a teddy bear £20. A rocking-horse can be bought for £37! Efforts to stamp out the market by the Allied Forces, aided by the Civil Administration, appear to have met with little success

A ROCKING-HORSE FOR SALE IN THE TIERGARTEN: Not many were greatly interested, because the price asked was 1,500 marks, or about £37 10s. Cheaper articles, however, found ready buyers among the sentimentally-minded Germans

THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN AS THE FIRST HEAVY SNOW FELL IN BERLIN ON DECEMBER 8: In the background are the shells of gutted buildings. The only traffic are the handcarts of the Berliners. Life in the German capital is going to be very grim this winter

THE OLD PEOPLE ARE GOING TO HAVE AN APPALLING TIME: Here are two, laden up with their belongings, trudging through the snow

FURS ARE STILL WORN IN BERLIN. ***On left*****—A mother and child walk in the Kurfurstendamm: most of the women and children wear trousers for warmth in the biting weather.** ***On right*****—A fur coat, with attached hood, and a good pair of leather boots**

GERMANS BOARD A TRAMCAR NEAR THE ANHALTER STATION: All carry their belongings with them—the more fortunate on hand-made pushcarts: The first heavy snowfall of winter has brought renewed hardship to the civilian population of devastated Berlin. With short rations and lack of fuel, Berliners must look forward to a hard existence during the coming winter, which promises to be severe. The more fortunate women in Berlin still have the fur coats bought or looted by their menfolk, but many are parting with them now, preferring food to the comforting warmth. On the Berlin Black Market a fur coat will fetch thousands of marks, or a stock of food, and there is a constant exchange in progress

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

"CHRISTIANITY AND ENLIGHTENMENT."—A slim yellow pamphlet (now mutilated) was sent me anonymously a long, long time ago. Its title struck me as ill-chosen. Its contents I found stimulating to thought and ingenuously sensible. I am ashamed to say I let two or more years pass before I dipped into its pages. In brief, it made concrete recommendations for reforming the machinery of democratic Government in Britain after the war on a two-word slogan, "Christianity and Enlightenment." The statesmen of to-day, who can find time to speak about the ideals of post-war reconstruction in spite of their preoccupations with brass tacks, concede the former but are curiously silent about the latter. It is generally admitted to-day that there can be no permanent peace and no security for mankind unless henceforth international and national relations are conducted on broad principles of Christianity.

The essential reforms of our own particular type of democracy come down, of course, to material brass tacks in the pages of my yellow book. It is inevitable that the clothing of a general idea or ideal in tangible, workaday dress brings that idea into the realm of destructive criticism and opens it to the ridicule of scoffers.

But it has to be done; the risk must be taken if any idea is to become a concrete fact. Our author argues that (apart from the abandonment of Christian principles) Britain's share of responsibility for the troubles of our day was largely due to the conspiracy of statesmen and politicians to keep the public blindfolded and in ignorance of the truth on all vital questions—in other words, to tear up and disregard as a scrap of paper the essential points in the charter of true democracy—the government of the people for the people and *by* the people.

Four Points of Reform.—Before the inventions of broadcasting and television supplied the means, if wisely used, it was not (with the best will in the world) possible for 600 representatives to voice the opinions of 40,000,000, so diverse are the views of the men and women who make up a nation. Now, however, it is argued, representation of the views of the nation can be attained effectively without cumbrous machinery on every vital question—the machinery of referendum can be simplified in such a way that it can be switched on at will.

(1) A Ministry of Enlightenment will be set up. It will dethrone the Treasury as the Premier's first responsibility, guide and taskmaster.

(2) The new Ministry will have a permanent, but triennially elected, commission composed of representatives from the estates of the realm, the Law, Business, Industry, Education, Agriculture, Arts, Science, Medicine, and so on.

(3) This Commission, or Court, will have the following primary duties and powers:

(*a*) To advise the Premier of what must be done from time to time for promoting welfare and culture in the nation, with special reference to the best employment of scientific discoveries and new knowledge;

(*c*) To control the Ministry of Education and through it to provide the best possible forms of education for the young, spending money without restraint (as it was spent to produce destructive weapons of war);

(*d*) To publish a State newspaper of which every citizen will daily receive a copy free. This newspaper is regarded by the author of the new *Erewhon* as the bones and beak of his new order. It will carry no advertisements and no fiction.

It will set out the news, freely reported, and in parallel columns the views of the chief political parties in the State. Thus the citzien, unhampered by the acrobatics of popular journalism, will daily form his opinions from the views not of one party or one interest or one class, but of all. He will read also a summary of the proceedings of the Cabinet so far as such proceedings are fit for publication.

Then comes the vital machinery for the referendum (or the true representation of the popular view on vital national questions).

The Speaker, on application by any M.P., may certify any subject before Parliament as a "question of principle." So certified, that question will be normally debated in Parliament but *without a division*.

The final speeches by party leaders and Premier will be broadcast to the nation and then every voter (by a simple machinery of "aye" and "no" discs identifiable and registered in his own name at his post office) will vote on the question.

Three days later the country's verdict will be available.

Not So Fantastic.—We are accustomed to smile at "Erewhons"; we treat new orders and political nostrums as escape fiction. But, indeed, there is a lot of *sense* in all this. Our democracy is a false democracy, a make-believe. We run it on the mentality of the age of privilege and try to reform it in the light of the Dark Ages. Only the other day Lord Quickswood called it pure (or impure) oligarchy. It *is* true that Parliament can seldom represent the diverse views of the public; that the public is kept ignorant of vital issues until too late; that the public is in the dangerous age of education, when it believes the printed word as gospel, and reads only the printed word of one political party or of one class. Nay, 2,000,000 men (or 6,000,000) may read and believe the printed word of one Press Lord-of-a-multiple-Press, who may himself be a crook or a still-uncertified lunatic, a man who has no principles not based on "circulation" and no principles which he will not abandon for a whim, or for gain or for vengeance on a rival or an enemy.

Our yellow book must not be laughed out of court because it has tried to clothe its new ideas in a workaday dress. Nevertheless, its upward road is steep and beset with obstacles. Think of the vested interests to be liquidated! Think of 600 M.P.s to be convinced that they do not represent public opinion, and that their House of Commons is a sham debating society. Or think (one small barrier among so many) of the Ministry of Education meekly handing over its control of public education to the new Brains Trust . . .!

I cannot acknowledge the author of this pamphlet, for the copy I found lacks vital pages and title-pages. I don't suppose it is obtainable now, but it is interesting to me, who has a copy, to notice how far we have moved in the direction of the author's ideals in these lost years, during which Mr. Butler's Education Bill has been debated and entered in the Statute Book; and a Premier has himself proposed, on a vital issue, the expedient of the Referendum.

DANCING THE "ZAMBRA": A gipsy dance in the new film "Caravan." Titian-haired Jean Kent, the twenty-three-year-old Gainsborough film-star, executing the long and intricate dance which she performs in the film in the role of a Spanish gipsy girl. The "Zambra" is a traditional dance with a strong Moorish influence, in which the dancer interprets her own emotions rather than follows, set steps, while the music maintains a rhythm of alternating fast and slow tempos

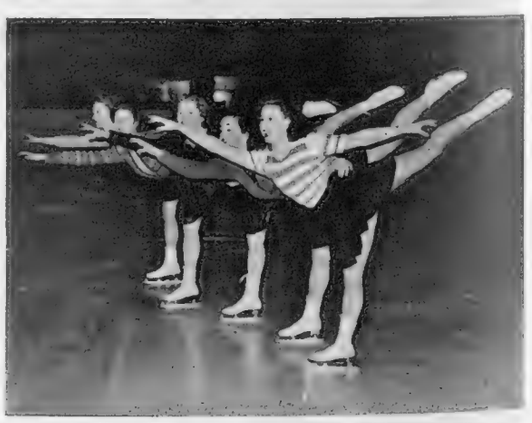
The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

SPRING 1600 (Lyric, Hammersmith).—This gently romantic comedy by Emlyn Williams, produced by the Company of Four can hardly be called a revival. It is true that it was first seen in 1934, when it was a failure, which it did not deserve to be. So completely has it been re-written, and with such skill, that it is practically a new play, which will probably, and deservedly, be a successful one. The theme remains much the same—the "boy-player" (a girl in this case) in the plays of Shakespeare and in the era of the great man, her love-affair with Richard Burbage, who was the Henry Irving of the period, and the various back-stage happenings of those distant days. There is charm as well as dramatic quality in plenty, in addition to literary polish, which is never just "fine writing." There is even genuine humour, by no means easy in a play of this type. Much is owed to the high standard of the acting, and my first prize goes to Miss Helen Christie. Miss Jessica Spencer acted and sang well as a daughter of the great Byrd, and Mr. Andrew Cruickshank had the necessary dignity as Burbage.

Worm's Eye View (Embassy).—A merry romp about R.A.F. men billeted in a house in Lancashire—or maybe Yorkshire. Everyone is merry with the exception of the nasty landlady and her even nastier son. Nothing much happens, except a nice tender bit of romance, contributed charmingly by Miss Diana Dawson, who has youth, good looks and brains, but a *pianissimo* tendency which she should have no difficulty in shedding. Cockney humour can easily be overdone, yet this Mr. Ronald Shiner never did, though he rarely left the stage. Here is one of the most genuinely comic performances on the London stage. The other Embassy play (they are both given each night) is a contrast indeed. *Skipper Next to God* is gloomy, and does not, I imagine, pretend to be anything else. But this play about a sea-captain, played by Mr. Jan Hartog, who is also the author, has its points and is worth seeing.

HER BIG MOMENT: Sixteen-year-old Jean Simmons, a promising young film-actress was chosen to wear the gowns, and jewellery worn by Vivien Leigh in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, at a recent fashion parade in London. The designer, Oliver Messel, is seen putting the finishing touches before the parade began. In the film itself Miss Simmons is a harpist



YOUNG SKATING DISCOVERIES practise at Wembley Ice Rink: These young skaters, pupils of the famous master Arnold Gerschwiler, are all Gold Medallists. They are seen rehearsing for a feature in the big Ice Gala held at Wembley in aid of St. Mary's Hospital Penicillin Research Fund

THE WINTER STORMS OF THE PAST FEW WEEKS HAVE BROUGHT TROUBLE TO MARINERS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: A 7,000-ton merchantman goes aground on the Goodwin Sands, while salvage tugs (on right) steam out to the rescue—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

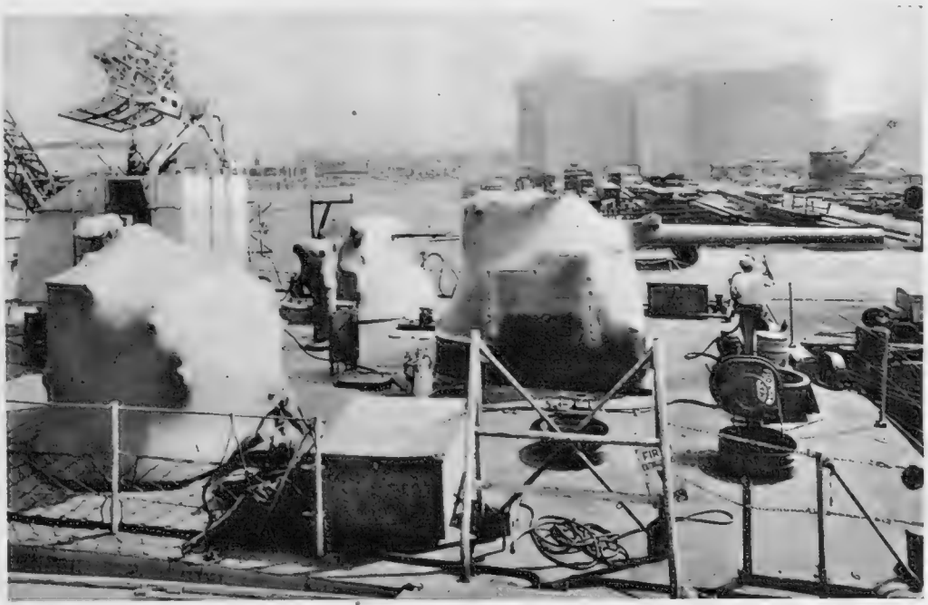
AGROUND on the GOODWINS

And Other Pictures of Maritime Interest

During the recent wintry weather around the British Isles, the Goodwin Sands again came into the news, owing to the stranding of a number of merchant vessels on the dangerous shoals. One night, no fewer than three ships were held fast—the American steamer *U.S.O.*, the French steamer *André Thome*, and the British motor-vessel *Southampton Salvor*—but all three were refloated with the morning tide. Ships passing through the Downs Roadstead, which extends roughly from Deal to Ramsgate, have to keep to a safe channel between the Sands and the shore, which is marked by the Admiralty and indicated by eight lighted buoys. The Downs just now are crowded with "strangers"—foreign ships—and some pilots think the reason for the strandings is chiefly that these waters present greater navigational difficulties to foreigners than to British ships. The Goodwins lie at the entrance to the Strait of Dover from the North Sea, about six miles from the Kent coast. The sands are constantly shifting, and they are frequently the scene of wrecks.

THE SMALL WARSHIPS OF THE NAVY ARE ALREADY BEING LAID UP IN ENGLISH RIVERS: Here is a scene on the River Dart, in Devonshire. These naval craft have done good service, but now their future is in doubt. For some of the more handy landing-craft, a new use has been found—they are being used as picket boats at Dartmouth and Kingswear

THE TRAINING SHIP "EXMOUTH" TRANSFERS TO THE "WORCESTER": In the East India Dock, London, men are now busily engaged in cleaning the training ship *Exmouth* which, since the outbreak of war, has been in use at Scapa Flow as a Minesweeper Depot Ship. *Exmouth* has now been demobilised, and the Ministry of War Transport have loaned the ship to H.M.S. *Worcester*; from early in the New Year, officer cadets will be trained in her at Greenhithe. Here is a view of the *Exmouth* in dry-dock, with men at work on her high stern



PLASTIC "OVERCOATS" TO PROTECT THE GUNS ON BOARD LAID-UP AMERICAN WARSHIPS: The newest wrinkle in the protection of ordnance against rust, moisture and corrosion is the use of a sprayed plastic, which dries into a film but which is easily stripped off the covered object when desired. First a network of "Scotch Tape" is laid over the guns to be covered, to reduce the projecting points to a rounded whole. Then two coats of film are sprayed on, until the covered piece looks like these three gun-mounts. The scene is aboard the former destroyer-escort U.S.S. *Holder*, in the New York Navy Yard

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A VARIED SELECTION OF NEW BOOKS

Ranging from a Novel of the Manchu Dynasty to the Study of Birds and the Catching of Fish

MR. ROBERT PAYNE'S novel, **LOVE AND PEACE** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), is now being translated into Chinese. That is a fact worthy of a good deal more than passing comment, particularly since the book is the story of the children of a noble Chinese family and as such must be considered almost unassailable in detail and in spirit by its future Chinese publishers.

Mr. Payne has planned his novel as the first of a projected series dealing with the life of a Chinese family from 1908 to the present day, and this opening volume, in its subtlety and grace, gives a promise of work as sensitive and as valuable. The setting is a remote province where the sons and daughter of a nobleman, Chinese Ambassador to Paris, have grown up in traditions of good breeding but also in the tradition that learning and the expansion of the spirit through knowledge is an essential of civilised life. It is the time when the Manchu dynasty is threatened by revolution and the inspiration of Sun Yat Sen begins to be felt even by these cloistered and aristocratic children. Their acceptance of his ideals and their first moves towards their accomplishment make the most stirring chapters of a poetic, strange and moving book.

THE 1945 FEMINA PRIZE-WINNER, Mme. Anne Marie Monnet, recipient of the Prix Femina for 1945 of the Societé des Gens des Lettres. She won the prize for her book *Chemin du Soleil*, and is seen at the microphone after the announcement of the award

In the early dawn of a February morning in 1829, a little boy arriving for choir practice at York Minster found the door shut, and, to occupy himself and keep warm till the others came, took to sliding on the ice in the courtyard. He fell on his back and, in that position, noticed what apparently had been seen by no other citizen of York till then—a great volume of smoke pouring out of a window near the south-west tower. Within an hour flames had taken hold of all the wooden fabric in the choir. By afternoon the magnificent fourteenth-century carved oak roof, the sixty-six carved stalls, the galleries, the pulpit and the organ—"the finest in England"—had been completely destroyed. It was the work of an incendiary, a self-appointed reformer of the Church of England on what he believed to be Methodist principles.

THE LIFE OF JONATHAN MARTIN (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.) has been based by Mr. Thomas Balston partly on the man's own autobiography, the sale of which supported him as an itinerant preacher, and partly on the contemporary evidence of his acquaintances and the eye-witnesses of the fire. In a prefatory letter to Miss Edith Sitwell, the author writes: "I have tried to produce a simple, straightforward narrative, and . . . I have studiously avoided muddying the clear waters with any infusion of my own emotion and opinions. The result, I would like to think, is a sort of picaresque romance, with a man of charm and sensibility as its hero."

However that may be—and I find the charm of an active vandal questionable, to say the least—Mr. Balston has achieved a memoir that is far from banal.

Mr. Malcolm Thomson's **THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WINSTON CHURCHILL** (Odham's Press. 8s. 6d.) may not be the definitive work on that great figure, but it is a book which his tens of thousands of admirers will enjoy reading, and which possibly more tens of thousands less studious but as devoted to the subject will buy for the photographs alone.

There are about 160 of these, and although some of them do not reproduce particularly well, possibly through age, they are a really magnificent collection, beginning with the baby Churchill in a strange little ruched gown, and showing him through every stage of his career: school, Sandhurst (he passed his entrance for this with difficulty), the Indian Army, his South African adventures, and so on.

Perennially, like the man who writes to the daily newsprints with information about the first cuckoo or the last willow warbler, there is a recrudescence of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. The latest manifestation of this is a volume by the late Dr. W. S. Melsome, who wrote with an assurance which is almost but not quite infectious.

The book itself is a reasoned comparison of passages from the writings of Bacon, Shakespeare and their sources, which may have been Ecclesiastes, Nashe or Sir Thomas More. There are also references to proverbs and to the measures of the law. Not having myself the disposition to debate, I will only add that **THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE ANATOMY** (Lapworth. 15s.) should be of the first interest to those who are interested in Bacon-Shakespeare anatomies.

Mr. A. L. Rowse is a distinguished historian whose affections and loyalties are centred in his own county of Cornwall, however wide the range of his encyclopædic knowledge. His **WEST COUNTRY STORIES** (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) are brief pieces, some of them fact, some of them fiction, all of them as Cornish as anything that lies west of the Tamar.

One concerns a happening in a Cornish church—"just the sort of fantastic thing that is liable to happen in a Cornish church or to the Cornish clergy." It refers to a gentleman who "had money and other troubles and went out of his mind." Suffering from some confusion of ideas, he began to read the Litany in the middle of the Communion Service, turned on the curate who remonstrated with him, with the words, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and was finally knocked cold with the great Prayer Book.

There are ghost stories here, too, and tales for the antiquary as well as essays in humour, all of them presented with a sure touch of the author of *The English Spirit*.

Bird-watchers as a race, or as the protagonists of a school of thought, are growing in numbers in this country and include some of those who would seem to the superficial observer the most unlikely characters. To them, and to a few "lay brothers" with more enthusiasm than experience, Dr. Stuart Smith's book, **HOW TO STUDY BIRDS** (Collins. 8s. 6d.), will be of the greatest value.

Dr. Smith writes with the vigour and feeling of a man whose heart is in the subject, and although he obviously has a kindly eye to the beginner and his chances of education, he seems more at home with the technicalities of bird-watching language. Both beginners and experts, however, will be delighted with the photographs.

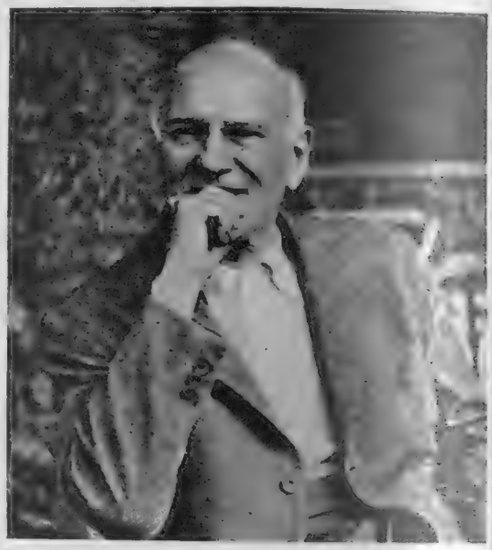
HIDDEN INFORMATION! A monument revealed. The Information Bureau erected in Trafalgar Square at the beginning of the war has now been taken down, revealing a concealed blast wall inside which is the pedestal on which stood the monument to King Charles. The famous equestrian statue itself is still in the country

Two excellent anthologies have appeared in the last week or so. They are **BEST GHOST STORIES** (Faber and Faber; 9s. 6d.) and **BEST STORIES OF THE SEA** (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.). The first of these is edited by Miss Anne Ridler, and its contents are chosen among stories written during roughly the last 100 years.

Mr. Thomas Woodrooffe quotes Maurice Baring with great aptness: ". . . every anthology has at least this merit: it helps the reader to make his own." Mr. Woodrooffe's anthology, however, has great merit of its own, as must any collection that includes H. M. Tomlinson's "Sinking of the *Titanic*," Rudyard Kipling's "The Ship that Found Herself" and F. D. Ommanney's "North Cape."

I recommend both these books unreservedly.

Another anthology is **THE FISHERMAN'S BEDSIDE BOOK** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.), which has the immense advantage of being in shape and compass a real pocket-book to be tucked away in the opposite pocket from the bread and cheese and to be turned over, quiet, page by page, on one of "those cowslip banks." "B.B." has divided the book into sections dealing with most of the freshwater fish, and has provided comprehensive indexes under these headings as well as under the names of authors. The book is delightfully illustrated by Mr. Watkins-Pitchford, and if anything could make me a fisherman, it would be the slow and enjoyable reading of this little book.



THE TRAGEDY OF NIJINSKY—the greatest of all men dancers: Nearly thirty years have gone by since the career of Vaslav Nijinsky was brought to an end through a mental breakdown. He was then only twenty-eight years old. Since then his wife has devoted herself to the task of trying to bring about his recovery. She has travelled with him in many lands and has had treatment for him by many famous doctors, but so far every expedient has failed. Now Mme. Nijinsky has brought her fifty-five-year-old husband to Vienna, which he knew so well in his great days. But Nijinsky remembers nothing and recognises nobody in the city

Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright is known principally in England as the architect of a hotel in Tokyo, which was built in 1906 to withstand earthquake shocks, but his most important and most revolutionary work has been done on houses designed for domestic or guest use in the United States. One mark of his genius has been his ability to reconcile a completely original style, that is to say, a style about thirty years ahead of its time, with the features of the country in which the house was to be built.

His **AUTOBIOGRAPHY** (Faber and Faber. 35s.) includes many photographs which show his consummate success in this. As with his building plans, so with his writing, which follows no rules but his own, and is emphatic, discursive, lively and informative.

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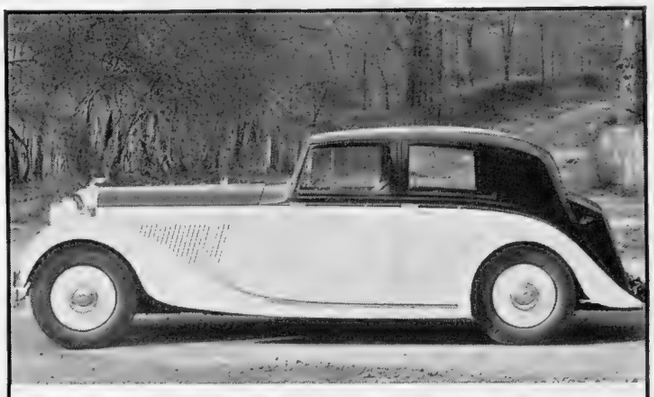

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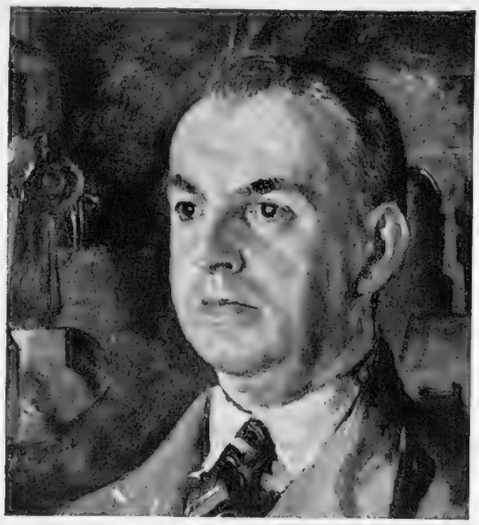

Painted by F. Ernest Jackson, A.R.A.

JOSEPH RUSSELL is typical of the skilled workers in metal for which his native city of Birmingham is famous the world over. He is 52. At the age of 12 he was apprenticed as a machine-tool maker, but changed over at 17 to his father's calling of brass-casting. This is the process by which copper and zinc are melted together and the alloy cast into ingots, which in turn are rolled into strips and sheets. When Mr. Russell started, 35 years ago, it was still a 'craft', involving the knowledge of a number of closely guarded secrets. Only expert craftsmen could cast good ingots and they were able to earn high wages. Melting was done in crucibles over coke fires, known as 'pit furnaces', and the pouring of the molten metal was controlled by hand. Not only was the work hard, hot and unhealthy, but the quality of the brass depended solely on the skill of the caster, who decided when the metal in the crucible was ready for casting by the vibration in the stirrer. Today casting has been transformed. The bulk of brass and other copper alloys is made in electric furnaces, in which the metal is melted by the passage of a high voltage current. These are operated by one man, and the quality of the final product rests now not entirely on his skill, but on scientific instruments as well. The preparation of the moulds requires considerable experience. By virtue of his experience Mr. Russell has visited a number of works in Great Britain and even South Africa, to teach others.

In peace time the sheets and strip made from the ingots cast by Mr. Russell may become the radiator of your car, the eyelets for your shoes or your lipstick holder. In war they are used for shell and cartridge cases and many other products. Many thousands of rounds fired in the Battle of Britain were produced from metal cast by Mr. Russell.

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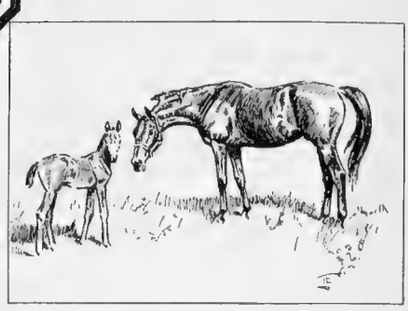
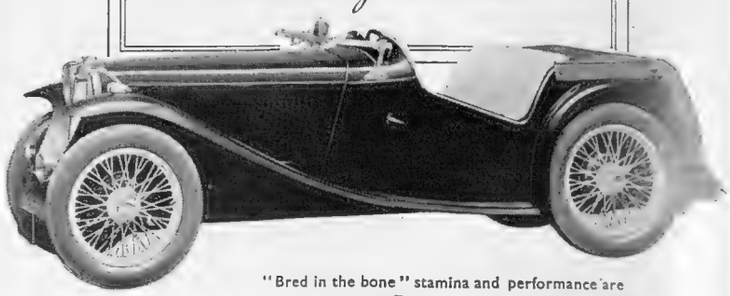


Maintaining the Breed



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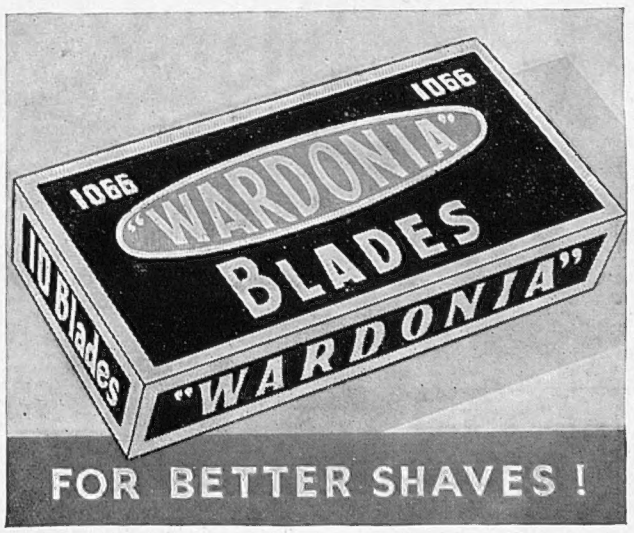

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